

THE SHUTTLE
DRAMA

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

NOVEMBER 23, 1981

\$1.00

BUDGET '81

The Gathering Storm



All he expected a compact car to be was practical.

Then he saw the Olds Omega. And realized he had been expecting too little.



Omega is an Oldsmobile. So it's a lot more than you might expect a compact car to be. There's a standard 4-cylinder engine, front-wheel drive and MacPherson strut front suspension. But most of all, this compact has style, right down to the handsome new front end. And you can imagine the luxury inside. The room and comfort and smooth, quiet ride. So, if all you expected a compact to be was practical, we think you've been expecting too little.

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EDITORIAL

MacEachen as evangelist: send him money and he'll pray for us

By Peter C. Newman

Unlike nearly every other such document since Confederation, Allan MacEachen's budget, tabled last week (page 34), was not primarily an economic report. Its tone—and more especially its content—was pitched to give Canada's 14 million taxpayers a lesson in fiscal morality: only by reducing the size of the federal deficit, the finance minister seemed to be preaching, can inflation be cooled off. This, in turn, will somehow drag interest rates back to reasonable levels.

Somewhere along the line, MacEachen has jettisoned the old-fashioned notion that governments tax to raise the money they require for operating essential services. Instead, he is using the occasion of his annual accounting to attempt a risky, if typically Canadian, solution.

MacEachen has rejected both the extremes of financial policy currently being pursued in France (where President François Mitterrand is raising taxes, expanding government programs and massively nationalizing private companies) and in the U.S. (where President Ronald Reagan is cutting taxes, reducing government services and neutralizing public-sector participation in the economy). Canada's finance minister,

instead, has slightly helped taxpayers at both extremes of the income scale—leaving both groups frustrated and angry.

Pat Johnston, vice-president of the Canadian Federation of Independent Business, summed it up best when she exclaimed "It's being misused as a Robin Hood budget. In fact, it takes from business and the middle class and gives to government. It's the worst kind of policy you could implement."

MacEachen's central problem is that he seems to believe that income taxes are Canadians' chief concern. They're not. It's high interest rates that are causing havoc in so many lives and households. The budget does nothing to provide incentives that might improve economic performance or in any substantive way reduce the pressure on interest levels.

The link the finance minister attempts to make between interest rates and the size of the federal deficit is a fragile connection that may stay them at department of finance seminars. But it carries little conviction in real life.

Michael Wilson, the Tory financial critic, hit the most prophetic chord when he forecast that the fallout from the MacEachen document "has the makings of a tax revolt." The population of "Dire Straits" threatens to mushroom toward 50 million.



MacEachen's

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The final spike

Why You Can't Get There From Here (Cover, Nov. 15) results from twisted logic on the part of Transport Minister Jean-Luc Piquet, who seems to believe that if the trains are to be efficient we must stop them from running. A similar logic exists in the minds of some Via employees. One recent Saturday, 30 minutes after the train from Toronto was supposed to arrive in London, Ont., I asked a ticket clerk when it would arrive. She replied, "It's not going to be late, we would have been notified." In other words, no notification, so the train was not late! —DAVID W. KESSELT, London, Ont.

In most cases you can still "get there from here"—by bus. I, too, was a train freak for many years, until discovering the extremely bus system. Buses go to almost all the places where train travel is threatened and a lot more besides. You discuss buses by saying that they are often crowded, dirty and strike-bound. I don't know about strike-bound, but buses are often cleaner than trains and buses are crowded because they are being used, while trains are not. Until train buffs can support their case with more than sentiment, we must suspect that trains are only a playground for a small group, paid for by taxpayers. —PHILIP W. SMITH JR., Waterloo, Ont.

PASSAGES



SHIROKI AOKI, 88, of Japan, Ben Abruzzo, 52, Larry Newman, 34, and Ron Clarke, 41, of Albuquerque, N.M., set a new distance record for balloon travel. The foursome left Nagahama, Japan, early last week in their 22-storey-high helium balloon, Double Eagle V. Cruising at 4,700 m and 180 km/h, they landed in the mountainous 160 km north of San Francisco, Calif., four days later, after covering more than 8,500 km.

PIERRE U.S. aerospace pioneer Frank J. Malina, 68, following a heart attack in his Paris home. Malina and the late Theodore von Karman founded what is now the Aeronautics General Corp., America's first rocket engine manufacturer, in 1943 and the Jet Propulsion Laboratory at Pasadena, Calif., in 1944. Malina had lived in France since 1946, when he moved to Paris to work with the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization.



A plaything paid for by taxpayers

Maritimers are only now getting a clue, such as we in Newfoundland got in 1989 with complete withdrawal of rail passenger service on the island. The government is now rubbing it in with an exclusive "maintenance" service and withdrawal of all other forms of railway rolling stock. Take heed, Maritimers—you are next. —W.H. BIRT, St. John's

Shining in the dark continent

Your story on South African writer Nadine Gordimer (Profile, Nov. 15) seriously does tribute to a very gifted novelist. However, I feel that she is sadly

out of touch with reality, the product of a sheltered, Jewish middle-class existence. Since black majority governments in most of Africa have not resulted in just, democratic societies, why does she think things will be different in South Africa? I wonder why the literary community pays so much attention to Gordimer and her petty complaints when much of Africa is in ruin.

—WAYNE W. ALLEN, Kewgard, Ont.

Shocking abuse

We are classic mid-career parents, and perhaps the conservatism to child abuse, but I don't refuse to be Your story *Abuse of the Poor Offer This* (Canada, Nov. 2) was rather disturbing, and the accompanying picture jolted me to tears. Why is it so necessary to shock poor readers this way? Please spare us the sensationalism.

—V. BIRCH, Toronto

The lost children

In your article *Missing the Run on Kids* (Profile, Nov. 2) you stated that the number of children under the age of 16 in the city of Toronto has plummeted from 27,425 to 20,546 since 1967. Although the decline is dramatic, the Metropolitan Toronto planning department gives the numbers for the city of Toronto as 168,751 in 1967 and 157,768 in 1980.

—E.M. MACKENZIE, Toronto

A Methodist minister, Bradford had strongly condemned the IRA earlier in the week for killing three people and injuring two others as part of the organization's stepped-up attacks against security forces in Northern Ireland.

AWARDED The Cy Young Award for pitching to Los Angeles Dodgers' rookie pitcher Fernando Valenzuela, 25. The left-hander from Mexico led the National League in four pitching categories and helped the Dodgers to their first World Series title in 16 years. He is the first rookie to win the award since it was created in 1956.

REDEIGNED Claude Fournier, 45, Quebec Liberal finance critic and national assembly member for the Montreal riding of St. Laurent. First elected to the national assembly in 1973, Fournier served as minister of social affairs in the administration of former Quebec premier Robert Bourassa. His resignation has sparked rumors that Bourassa may seek his head.



DEED Abel Gance, 92, the cinematic pioneer of the wide screen and stereoscopic sound, at his Paris home. Gance's best-known film, *Napoleon*, made in 1927, was revived by Francis Coppola to new reviews last January.

MIRACLED Hard-line Protestant MP Robert Bradford, 41, by the gunman in Belfast, last Saturday. Bradford, who represented South Belfast, was being a weekly missionary service when four men dressed as patients burst into the room and nudged him with bullets.



The butler did it.

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THE FUTURE IS IN ALUMINUM.

Secret of the Red mallard

Your article on Igor Gouzenko (Canada, Oct. 26) inevitably suggests that Gouzenko is now sailing? ... Reds under every bed? In view of the obscene privations and liquidations since 1917 in every land taken over by the Marxists, one wonders what your head has been under? As for guilt by association, if a head looks, acts, walks and quacks like a duck, it is a duck. Some call it a fellow traveller. —MICHAEL SCHWARTZ, Wakefield, N.S.

The price is wrong

One has to question seriously the government's control over industrial hygiene when employees must discontinue their work due to occupational health hazards (Labour, Oct. 26). There is an obvious need for an agency that is not controlled by government or industry to ensure that the hazards are reduced to an absolute minimum. The time to put human lives ahead of industrial profits is long overdue. —LISA ROSE, St. John's, Nfld.

Where have the farmers gone?

Congratulations! Among all those politicians, film stars and literary, you discovered the farmer—at last (Canada, Oct. 26). Most Canadians are aware that amazingly works around these farms and often takes care of those areas, but with the demise of the family farm, where will the young farmers come from? Who has plenty of capital and is ready to work long hours, seven days a week, with little chance of making any



Igor Gouzenko: it is a duck

profit? The problem is universal, though few recognize it as such. And there are countless nobody daves to answer. Besides, we are too busy with politics. —HARRIS KENDRICK, Monroeville, Que.

Do-it-yourself gone to extremes

Your article *An Epic Battle Over the Rights to Culture* (Law, Oct. 12) is informative but leaves readers with the impression that the photocopying of books is permitted by the present Copyright Act. Although it may not be an infringement to copy for specified, limited purposes, there is no doubt that multiple copying for classroom use, without permission, is an infringement.

—MARLENE HEIM,
Legal Counsel,
The Writers' Union of Canada,
Toronto

Heroism reborn

From the debuters of our Anglo-Saxon heritage we find the statement "It was bad enough when he [Pierre Beron] had to debunk the heroism of Laura Secord—a heroine to some extent of her own invention" (Books, Oct. 12). The facts regarding this young woman can be found in a personal certificate written by Louis Jansen FitzGibbon, for Secord, which is in the Public Archives in Ottawa. There can no longer be any

doubt that her warning was the first that FitzGibbon received. She should, therefore, be restored to her rightful place as a heroine in Canadian history. The debunkers be damned!

—NATHAN ROOPER,
Port Carling, Ont.

Oil's well that ends well

Your editorial (Oct. 25) seems less than fair to the Americans. You glossed over what the Americans are engaged about, which is discrimination and harassment against their oil companies. These are the same companies that, with C.D. Howe's encouragement and ear support, made the big discoveries for us. And for that contribution to Canada's wealth and security, they are now being rewarded with very abuse and politically inspired charges of gouging. Raping back Canadian oil is a laudable dream, but if the message underlies the American angle, it could turn to a nightmare. —ALTON S. DUFFLETON, Roseland, B.C.

Strength or weakness?

You wrote in your article *That Old Drinking Problem* (Canada, Oct. 19) that Joe Clark stuffed David Crombie and John Crebbie out of their former positions of prominence to demonstrate his toughness. It seems to me that Clark was showing his weakness by telling Canadians that he was not confident enough to compete with them for the leadership of his party. —JOE CHANG, Ottawa

The unmentioned

I was very surprised by your article on the murder of Aesir Sadat (Cover, Oct. 15). You listed many foreign dignitaries who were mourners at the funeral, but not a word was mentioned about our own representative, Gov. Gen. Edward Schreyer. —RUTH ST. AMAND, North Bay, Ont.

Picky, picky

Thank you for assuring your readers that our capital consumption rate was in "no pie in the sky" (Business, Oct. 26). However, you attribute a statement to me that would strain the credulity of even the CBC. There will not be "... tens of millions of transponders (satellite channels) in 1987." Rather, there will be more than 100, for which buyers are currently making deposits of up to \$20 million each. —ROBERT AINS, President, Microspace Ltd., Toronto

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 611 University Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5W 1A7.



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Playing the presidency by cue

By Michael Posner

He enters the East Room smiling, striding through rows of assembled journalists who stand in respectful silence for the chief executive. Taking the podium, he opens—typically—with self-deprecating wit: "Welcome to my first annual news conference." In fact, it has been several months since Ronald Reagan confronted the press. His record—four such conferences in 10 months—is the worst of any president in 50 years. This pattern has nurtured suspicion among members of the Washington press corps: Is it that Reagan is being carefully shielded from them, lest he reveal his awesome ignorance of the issues—or—is he already happened—any something that must subsequently be retracted?

To avert further embarrassment, Reagan has been well briefed for this occasion. The White House advisers posture

ing, coddled way, well, yes, perhaps, in theory, a limited contact was indeed conceivable. Reagan's editorial writers blathered NATO defense mandates swallowed hard. And with a flurry of clarification, the administration spent several days in object silence.

The conclusion is inescapable: It is not just a matter of Ronald Reagan being afraid without cues. The Tele-Prompter is his lifeline; without it, the protectionist cannot afford to let him loose. He is simply not to be trusted. It is instructive to watch his advisers on Friday afternoon as they follow the chief out to the heliporter waiting to whisk him to Camp David. As the president waves on impulse to the camera, they huddle like conspirators in the background, eyes cocked, eyes fearful. It is as if they were watching a man stepping blithely toward some unseen precipice, and they are powerless to save him.

The president's men understandably prefer not to face

these situations. Thus have they turned what were once spontaneous news conferences into carefully crafted exercises in script-reading, exploiting Reagan's prodigious talent for rote, with enough practice, the president can be taught the essential catchphrases. But his knowledge of most subjects is shallow. In sessions with visiting statesmen, Reagan is invariably described as "listening intently," of being "in a listening mode." This is more than diplomatic courtesy. It is a convenient veil for Reagan's superficial grasp of the issues.

Without his text, Reagan is neither an agree nor a fool, but an amiable septuagenarian who tries easily and rests frequently. Not terribly smart, he owns a treasury of memorably awkward and spends them generously, to remarkable political effect. His aptitude for work is small. Does any of this matter? Is the republic in any greater danger of collapse from being ruled by a part-time, speech-reading ceremonial dignitary? Jimmy Carter, after all, was abominably involved, and he is not remembered fondly. Perhaps Reagan's lack-luster leadership approach will prove more salutary.

The evidence so far is not persuasive. Reagan's absence leaves a troubling void at the centre of American policymaking, a vacuum filled by too many thin or unstable guys. Nearly a year into the Reagan presidency, the nation still does not know who's in charge—moderators or supply-side, hard-liners or soft. It seems only that the vacated economic recovery plan is falling and that American diplomacy is as feeble as ever. Sustained by stagnation, the administration copes with public perceptions, projecting the illusion of an energetic commander-in-chief, imparting firm directives to the ship of state. But while the president masquerades for the camera, factions are warring bitterly in the wings, vying for defined authority, while the country one way then the other, pendling in drift, indecision and stalemate.

Michael Posner is *Washington* bureau chief.



to avert further embarrassment, Reagan has been well briefed for this occasion. The White House advisers posture the most tightly tamed public relations antennae ever to extend from the Oval Office, and his presidency is fast becoming the most stage-managed in history. For this performance, they have not only rehearsed expected questions and appropriate answers, but arranged a strategic seating plan, with friendly reporters on Reagan's right.

Confronted with a sharp volley, the president need only cut short his response and field a guaranteed lob from his right. They have also provided some theatrical crutches during one question as he has, the president deftly raises two sets of documents. The first, thick and unwieldy, represents federal rules on black grants to states in the pre-Reagan era. The second, six almost weightless pages, constitutes the scheduled, open issue requirement, Reagan versus the scheduled question concerning before-and-after evidence of a white war, he then reads a boring defense of his program.

When at last the president puts his accessories away, he is asked about the stability of America's erstwhile ally, Saudi Arabia. His reply is bold. Like Gandhi commanding the movement of the tides, he declares, "We will not allow ourselves to become a victim of this." That remark, as puzzling as it is provocative, ostensibly pledges U.S. efforts to thwart internal subversion of the Saudi kingdom, and thus extends the Carter doctrine of defending Persian Gulf oilfields from external threats. But this is not at all what the administration wanted to imply, and officials will spend weeks modifying that Reaganian into meaningful abstraction.

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THERE'S MORE FUTURE IN A DATSUN
AND THE FUTURE LOOKS GOOD.





A calling to paint the wild

By Helbert de Santana

A bull elephant looms out of a yellow dust cloud, one tank is broken and the ancient hide is deeply creased and grooved, like the scales of an extinct dinosaur. It is a study in prehistoric majesty. Two scolding gulls perched on a branch in a spruce thicket of whiteblossom, as if in the rain of a marble cathedral. Under a white pine in a misty field in southern Ontario, the artist walks with his Labrador retriever through a Gothic thicket of goldenrod and Queen Anne's lace.

The artist is Robert Bateman, the most popular and successful wildlife painter in Canada. This has been a moving year for Bateman, who until 1996 taught geography and art in high school and supported himself and his family. A painting of a family of lions was commissioned from him by

the Canadian government, and sent to Prince Charles as a wedding gift. A recently published coffee-table book, *The Art of Robert Bateman* (A Penguin Canada/Madison Press book), is a runaway bestseller. Its huge print run of 45,000 copies sold out before it was even published.

'Gentle Penguin and Whiteblossom,' 1979 (above), 'Lion Cub,' 1977 (below)



flushed. An exhibition of 12 Bateman paintings, *Images of the Wild*, will be on display at the National Museum of Natural Sciences in Ottawa until Nov. 20, after which it will travel across the country. Says Tom Barrett of the Barrett Gallery in Hamilton, one of Bateman's dealers: "The excitement he has generated has brought a surge of new people into art galleries who would never ordinarily be there."

The Ottawa show attracted 16,000 visitors in the first month, 10 times the normal attendance at a museum show. People ooh and aah at the meticulous attention to detail: the waterdrop glistening like a pearl in the feathers of a penguin; the throb of a vein in the flank of an African zebra; the verdigris of the legs of a Canada goose. But Bateman is anxious that the viewer's indifference drag should reach beneath the surface of the paint to the abstract

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design of the composer Robert Bateman is a handsome, energetic man who looks far younger than his 51 years. His manner is open and friendly, exuberant without affectation. In an informal tour of the show he stops before a picture of mountain goats on a steep ledge, entitled *Sheep Dips*. "I don't think that art should be comfortable and pleasing all the time," Bateman remarks, and tells that when the picture hangs in the office of Bill Peck Posner Inc. in Florida, secretaries would pass it with averted eyes, because it gave them vertigo. The painting looks as if it was done from direct observation, but like most of his work, it was contrived entirely from the artist's imagination. The composition was inspired by abstract paintings—vertical slashes with jagged shapes in contrasting backgrounds—by the American artist Clifford Still. Bateman translated the slash into a waterfall he had seen in the Rockies and added the goats, which he painted from drawings and photographs.

This carefully calculated approach seems ironic in a man of spontaneity. Occasionally Bateman succumbs to the temptation to paint something cute and cuddly, such as *Among the Leaves*, which shows a baby cottontail rabbit. Bateman defends the painting: "It's impossible to do a baby bunny that's not cute, unless you do it dead, with flies all over it." He maintains that the expression on the rabbit's face is one of "desires fear." But when he succeeds, he succumbs lyrically. His best work continues to emerge primarily from a strong underlying design. His training as a naturalist serves him well. Says Louis Lomax, director of the National Museum of Natural Sciences: "His strength as a painter is that he manages to create for the viewer an impression of how the animal or the bird sees his own environment."

Born in Toronto in 1930, Bateman grew up in the comfortable neighborhood of north Forest Hill, in a house overlooking a mature terrace with wild life. The eldest of three boys, he remembers the Don as "a lovely clear little brook where I once caught a painted turtle. And now it's a sewer." His interest in natural history and art was something he was born with. "Ilo a turtle in the blood. 'I was incredibly prolific in my youth,'" Bateman recalls. "I painted every hawk and owl in North America by the time I was 15 years old."

Recreated in his naturalist portraits by his parents, he spent his Saturday mornings at the Royal Ontario Museum as "buck-ease boy," talking to the staff. Terence Shortt, then chief illustrator and head of the department of arts and exhibits, remembers Bateman as "a very clever draftsman, a person who had a great desire to learn as much as



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he could shoot birds and mammals."

In his late teens, Batesman spent his summers as a "fox boy," peeling potatoes and gathering data in Algonquin Park in the company of biological scientists. He paid homage to the Group of Seven by going out in a canoe to stretch and paint, making it a point of honor to finish each of his paintings in the field. Though he rarely paints in the field now, his knowledge comes from first-hand observation, from sketches and specimens gained on expeditions. A Batesman painting is characterized by accuracy. A geologist could identify the rock strata; a botanist could name the plants; ornithologists and zoologists could identify the species of birds and mammals at a glance.

Batesman's insatiable curiosity about the natural world has made him the most adventurous and widely travelled artist in Canada. He has explored Ungava in northern Quebec and the Hudson Bay lowlands. He has sailed and snorkelled in Australia's Great Barrier Reef, chased up the Amazon, landed among penguin colonies in the Antarctic, bled in the Ethiopian, made safaris in East Africa, studied the wildlife of the Galapagos Islands.

At the University of Toronto, Batesman studied geography and took Sunday classes in painting from artist Gordon Payne and evening life drawing classes from Carl Shaeffer, who helped him master the art of the quick sketch. "The most exciting wildlife is always on the move. I can capture an image of something I've only seen for two seconds, such as a bird flying by." In those days, however, wildlife was relegated to the sketchbooks, and serious painting was

Coyote in Winter Saga,' 1979 (top left); 'Wetlands on the Wind,' 1979

colle's another matter. Batesman experimented with everything from cubism to abstract expressionism, and gained a thorough grounding in modern art that he believes distinguishes his work today from "just a couple of birds on a branch." The turning point came in 1963 when he saw the Andrew Wyeth show at the Albright-Knox Gallery in Buffalo. "Here was an artist who had the courage to show the surface of the real world with abstract shapes. And all of a

sudden the naturalist and the artist in me dovetailed, and I began to paint as I do now."

With his new style, he started slowly to gain the cult following he has in North America today. In 1964, he began exhibiting at the Forville Gallery in Nairobi, Kenya. His contract there was bought out by the Tryon Gallery in London, England, one of the most famous galleries of wildlife art in the world. "I had an international reputation as a wildlife artist long before anybody in Toronto had heard of me," Batesman says.

He was not entirely unknown in Canada. A 1967 show at the Alice Peck Gallery in Burlington, Ont., was immediately sold out, as were exhibitions at the Peacock Gallery in Toronto in 1969 and the Beckett Gallery in Hamilton in 1971. At one point, Batesman shows in Canada, England and the U.S. were becoming baroque, with buyers shoving and elbowing each other. To prevent mob scenes, there is now a preview of each exhibition, at which prices are set. The sales of "Intervened" buyers are then pulled out of a hat. At the last Batesman show in the Beckett Gallery in 1980, there were 20 paintings and 300 names in the list. The dizzying spiral in the price of Batesman's paintings can be gauged from the example of *Winter Cardinal*, which was sold in England in 1979 for \$1,000. Just two years later, it changed hands for \$35,000.

Batesman lets his dealers set the prices and claims to have little interest in the commercial side of his art. "I've never painted for the market. I've always painted for myself. And if the bottom fell out of the market, I'd still go on painting."



Detail of hawk owl from sketchbook; Batesman in studio



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For all his commercial success, Bateman has not, on the whole, been accepted by the Canadian art establishment. He refuses, however, to accept the inferior status usually accorded to wildlife painting and compares his work to that of the 19th-century Japanese masters, Behave and Hokusai. "It has content, drama, public appeal and it's fairly complex. The art establishment hasn't tended in the past three decades to cotton on to these qualities in art. They prefer other things that are quite contrary and hard to follow a gesture or a kick."

He lives with his second wife, Brigit, 30, and two sons, Christopher, 5, and Robbie, 2, in a three-storey open-plan house on the Niagara escarpment, about 64 km west of Toronto. His 20-acre property is thickly wooded with beech, ash, white pine, willows, maple and birch. Bateman designed the house himself, and it reflects his eclectic tastes. There is a Japanese-style reflecting pool outside, with a Shinto-style courtyard inside; the walls are decorated with Chinese paintings, Japanese woodcuts, Cape Breton prints, Bateman paintings and wall hangings made by his wife.

Bateman's paintings suggest that he is a passionate animal lover, but he is more Charles Darwin than Dr. Doolittle. "I don't love animals in a sentimental way. I've got a lot of the sentiment in me. I'm not heartless, either. I could never point a gun at a deer and kill it." His love of nature has a strong esthetic component: "I choose what I paint simply because it looks good."

Once he has decided on a subject, he works out the compositional detail on pencil, on small cards. Then he begins to paint, on assorted massive pieces. His favorite medium is acrylic, and he uses many glazes. As visual aids he uses sketches, slides, photographs, Plastiline or clay models, stuffed birds and frozen birds. "The first five per cent and the last five per cent I enjoy—the middle 90 per cent is mostly a grind." In part to relieve the grind, he works on five to 50 pictures simultaneously, producing about 18 major paintings a year and several smaller ones.

Bateman has been traversing the country in a growing series of book signings and lecture tours, and he is hoping to get back to his easel. He's going to spend the next year painting just for the family, with no shows. In 1985 they plan to move to Salt Spring, one of the Gulf Islands in British Columbia, where Bateman has bought a waterfront property. And he will paint. His head is brimming with ideas. "I want to be able to paint anything: I please a mouse, or a rabbit, or a mouse or a rhinoceros. I want to be able to paint everything." ☐

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DATeline: GIBRALTAR

Anxiously toward a rocky future

By David Bird

Shipping over the "garlic wall" is a little simpler than breaching the Iron Curtain — and a good deal more pleasant. From a port on Spain's northern coast it is possible to hitch a lift by yacht to the only remaining colony in Europe. "Don't worry," says the craft's skipper as his boat skirts over the still-smooth Mediterranean. "The Spanish navy doesn't usually bother us. And we're not carrying contraband, not this time." Through the haze looms the rock of Gibraltar, like a bee freewheeling down the narrow sand strip separating the British territory from the Spanish mainland. A somewhat ludicrous relic of Empire, this barren mass of limestone, five kilometers long by 1.5 km wide, has an air of defiance about it even from a distance. Bucked over the centuries by prizes and bombarded by men-of-war, today Gibraltar is haunted by the angry rhetoric of Spaniards decrying that the British return it to Spanish sovereignty.

This year marks the 17th anniversary of Britain's seizure of Gibraltar and the rock has once again become a hot issue, both politically and militarily. Spain has applied for membership in the European Community (EC) and expects to be admitted by 1994 at the latest. The country is also linking its lively entry into NATO with an end to British rule on the rock — the Spaniards believe it would be ridiculous for them to enter NATO while there still exists a colonial possession, belonging to another mem-



Gibraltar "bobbies" (above), British-like street, ludicrous relic of Empire



ber of NATO, as what they are as their soil. As one prominent Spanish journalist put it: "You can't very well have a real border between fellow members of the Common Market or between members of a military alliance, for that matter." Often a source of tension between the two countries, the rock was particularly the object of strident relations in the 1960s when Gen. Franco campaigned to plant the Spanish flag there. Since the Spanish decided out of all his country's overseas possessions with Gibraltar in 1969, the rock has become a virtual island, a claustrophobic community of 30,000 people. Unless you arrive by private vessel, the only scheduled surface approach from Spain requires a lengthy sea trip via Morocco.

Old customs and fortifications dot the rock, and the town has a decidedly British look. Union Jacks proliferate, and the aroma of fish and chips lingers in the streets, which bear such names as Herby Barracks Lane and King's Court Yard. Helmeted "bobbies" patrol the pub-and-English-tea-room-studded streets. Many of the true Gibraltarians, 15,800 inhabitants descended from Moroccan Jews, Genoese, Maltese, Portuguese, Spanish and British, are in no hurry to see land links with Spain re-established or to be decolonized. Frequently visiting in mid-afternoon from Spanish to English, they prove not shy in a 1967 referendum 12,138 citizens voted in favor of staying under British rule, and only 44 against. The chief minister, Sir Joshua Hassan, who heads a 15-member House of Assembly, in-

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sion: "We are autonomous except for defence and foreign affairs, and we don't want those in Spanish hands. Anything that smacks of a Spanish say in our affairs is not acceptable to the people."

Gibraltarians harbor deep suspicions with regard to the Spanish character. "Our people hate the Spaniards' guts with good reason," says opposition leader Peter Bida. "Those guys tried to bring us to our knees by a combination of war economy." The war fever that erupted Gibraltar from Spain has left profound psychological effects. "It has



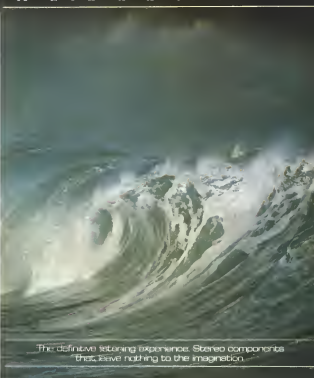
The 'giant wall': claustrophobic

made us fearful and introspective, and dare more to create a nation here than anything else," declares Joe Bonanno, the wary, mustachioed head of the Gibraltar Socialist Labour Party and a leader of the powerful Transport & General Workers' Union, which has fared up local wages to parity with those in Britain. "It's the only thing that Franco can be thanked for during his infamous career." The only candidates in the 1980 elections who supported autonomous rule under Madrid finished bottom of the poll. Understandably, perhaps, the Gibraltarians do not relish the prospect of Spanish civil guards, bristling with firearms, taking over from their mid-nineteenth-century police who carry nothing more lethal than a truncheon.

Every morning at six, the British symbolically relink the gate on their side of the border and ritually close it at midnight. The Spanish gate has stayed shut to date, except to allow an occasional ambulance carrying an emergency case through. It is here that the uniformity of many Gibraltarians can be observed, since the sealing of the border has divided many families. Every evening at six, Isabella Espinosa, a shy 16-year-old, meets her mother at the frontier. Peering across 10 metres of no man's land, she shouts to her mother, Maria, on the Spanish side: "How are you?" Maria, a distant, black-clad figure, dabbles her eyes with a handkerchief, yells back: "Life goes on, daughter. The family is fine. Have you bought those new shoes yet?" Isabella runs to Gibraltar after evening her father. 30-year-old Gibraltarian Albert Nelson, while he was vacationing in Spain. Albert, the proud owner of a new Japanese car in a territory that has 3,700 vehicles but only 48 km of roads noted: "It would be nice to drive anywhere you want, but I don't think opening the border would necessarily do us any good. Right now we're not badly off and there's little crime. But over there in La Lanza you can't walk the streets at night."

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nearly 3,000 workers used to cross the frontier every day to work on the rock. Attempts to establish new industries in the La Leca area have been largely unsuccessful and unemployment runs at 30 per cent. A suggestion by the British Parliament's foreign affairs committee that, in return for opening the border, Spaniards should be given the same rights as its nationals to live and work in the territory, has alarmed the Gibraltarians. "We're not going to tolerate the Spaniards coming in here looking for jobs," snapped Bennett. "If the Spaniards were allowed to flood in here and claim all the benefits allowed in its countries, they could ruin our economy in six months."

Despite high rents and costly imported food, Gibraltarians live relatively well. The 2,500 Moroccans, most of whom are employed as laborers (including graveyard workers, digging up human remains to make way for the newly dead because of an acute shortage of cemetery space), earn far more than they could hope to back home. Britain spends \$86 million (U.S.) a year on its naval base and dockyards, which employ 1,500 workers, and has also poured millions of dollars into educational and housing projects that the latest Thatcher government defense cuts could mean the winding down of the dockyards, and Spain is anxious to establish command of the Gibraltar naval base. "The most sustainable jewel in the British crown," as 19th-century British statesman William Pitt once described it, still has strategic importance because of its position commanding the straits between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.

Military garrisons are very much a part of local life with 2,000 British servicemen and their families based in the rock. One British sergeant, Alfred Holmes, guards the Barbary area that scamper about the upper levels of the 430-metre-high rock. Legend has it that if this breed of tailless monkey does not, the British will depart. No doubt to Spanish chagrin, at least 40 apes remain. They are high on every tourist's visiting list, although this summer the number of vacationers lured by the kingpins is estimated to be down 20 per cent, dropped sharply, allegedly because they felt they were not getting their money's worth. Restaurant Johnny Regencia, who ran three eating places, three bars and a nightclub until the frontier closure deprived him of his staff, remarked: "We'll be tourists are not going to come here, so we should cater to those who want a bit of merriment with their beer and chips. We should turn the whole place over to British, the British holiday camp people, and they could build bingo centres, discotheques, the lot. But that I would

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went to live here anymore."

Last August, about the entire community turned out to give a rousing welcome to Prince Charles and his bride, whose decision to start their honeymoon from Gibraltar provoked Spain's King Juan Carlos to boycott their wedding. The Madrid daily, *El País*, spoke of "the shameful spectacle" of the royal yacht in Gibraltar harbor attended by "light craft which, usually dedicated to smuggling, were converted for one afternoon into a flotilla of honor for the future monarchs of England." Smuggling, in fact, has been a traditional pastime, but these days slimmer profits on whisky and cigarettes have reduced the traffic. Even so, mystery surrounds the activities of half a dozen sleek, state-of-the-art Gibraltar-based powerboats, and intrigue is heightened by the presence of a wealthy, tough-looking individual at decade warming away would-be picture-takers. According to most unofficial sources, drugs are the profitable business today. The drug-runners don't bring anything into Gibraltar but endowments out at sea with boats from Monaco, where they take aboard hashish, then unload it on some lonely Spanish beach or drop it on a buoy to be picked up by another vessel.

Although in some Spanish eyes the rock is a den of geriatric types devoted to steepling, the territory has a much wider gourmet town atmosphere. Gibraltarism and British seamenism, with their own housing and recreation facilities, do not mingle much — the British know that sooner or later they will return home. The Gibraltarism feel a separate identity and do not relish the prospect of being swamped by their Spanish neighbors on the other side of the border. Says Joe Bonanno: "You have no doubt about what you are and who you are in Gibraltar, and we don't want to see that lost. It's the one thing the Spanish cannot offer me!" ♦

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- 1968 Bill Symons, Toronto
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- 1966 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1965 George Reed, Saskatchewan
- 1964 Lloyd Coleman, Ottawa
- 1963 Russ Jackson, Ottawa
- 1962 George Dixon, Montreal
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- 1955 Norman Kwong, Edmonton
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- 1973 Russ Korte, B.C.
- 1972 John Harris, Calgary
- 1971 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1970 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1969 John Harris, Calgary
- 1967 Ed McLean, Toronto
- 1966 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1965 Wayne Harris, Calgary
- 1964 Russ Korte, B.C.
- 1963 Tom Brown, B.C.
- 1962 Jim Hanson, Hamilton
- 1961 Frank Rogers, Winnipeg
- 1960 Herb Gray, Winnipeg
- 1959 Roger Nelson, Edmonton
- 1958 Don Latta, Calgary
- 1957 Ray Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1956 Ray Vaughan, Ottawa
- 1955 Ted Connor, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING OFFENSIVE LINEMAN

- 1979 Mike Wilson, Edmonton
- 1978 Mike Wilson, Edmonton
- 1977 Ken Coyle, Ottawa
- 1976 Al Wilson, B.C.
- 1975 Don Schuch, Montreal
- 1974 Charles Taylor, Edmonton
- 1973 Bill George, Montreal

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1980 Don Rapley, Edmonton
- 1979 Don Rapley, Edmonton
- 1978 Don Rapley, Edmonton
- 1977 Don Rapley, Edmonton
- 1976 Don Rapley, B.C.
- 1975 John Harris, Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING ROOKIE

- 1980 William Miller, Winnipeg
- 1979 Steve Kelly, Edmonton
- 1978 Joe Polunski, Winnipeg
- 1977 Louis Bright, B.C.
- 1976 John Harris, B.C.
- 1975 Tom Connors, Ottawa
- 1974 Bob Cunningham, Toronto
- 1973 Johnny Rodgers, Montreal
- 1972 Chuck Riley, Hamilton



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Fighting decay in a once-great party

The Alberta Social Credit party is making a valiant effort to rebuild before it is too late

By Gordon Legge

The honeymoon latches are an anachronism in the age of machine politics. At the door to the convention hall, the Social Credit Women's Auxiliary is selling two-cent blazoned china plates to raise funds. Its chavring modern taste of media manipulation, old-time religion. It's time to revive Social Credit rally sessions, informal gatherings once used to spread the Social gospel. A glance around the party's annual convention in Edmonton late last month would indicate that support is literally passing away despite a sprinkling of young people, most delegates are either retired or close to it. The words "seniorhood" and "blue noses" have become clichés in describing the Socials, and one pundit dismissed the gathering as the "last-gasp convulsion."

None was more aware than the delegates themselves of the decline in the fortunes of the once-great party. Gaining 20 per cent of the popular vote in the last election, it hasn't elected a new member since 1971. Today the Socials hold only four of the Alberta legislature's 70 seats. With only two other opposition members, one type and one independent, the party ranks as the official Opposition. But the four sitting Socials are elected more out of personal popularity than out of loyalty to the party. One member, former leader Bob Clark, 64, retires on Nov. 30, and the



Socials are expected to have a battle retaining his rural seat north of Calgary.

Yet hope, not desperation, characterizes the party today. In a packed session of the convention, the geying faithful who during the Depression helped elect "Bible Bill" Abernethy and who had kept his successor, Ernest Manning, in power for 25 years, listened attentively to a salvo from Manning's son Preston, 30. He predicts that in the '90s, the governing party, the Progressive Conservatives, will need to undergo a face-lift, with a new leader and a rejuvenated packet of policies. If it fails to do so, then the door will be open for another party. Since

neither the Liberals nor the New Democrats are given much hope of forming a strong opposition in right-wing Alberta, there are only two alternatives: a western separatist party — a serious but undesirable proposition, says Manning — or a revitalized Social Credit party, born of the last vestiges of its "fanny money" theories. "If you remain a traditional opposition party, you're in for a very grim future," he warned. "If you can transform yourself, who can tell what the future has in store for you?"

The task appears herculean, and yet the party has more energy to tackle problems than it has had in years. Key members working the back rooms are making a valiant effort to overcome 10 years of stagnation. At the centre of this new thrust is Brad Sykes, 55, the combine

former mayor of Calgary. Despite promising his family he wouldn't re-enter politics, Sykes ran for the leadership a year ago, after Senator Ernest Manning persuaded him to enter. Sykes doesn't have a seat in the legislature, and the party, which has just rid itself of a \$380,000 debt, can't pay him. So he spends half his week working as an investment consultant to support his family and the other half attending to party business. His entire broad view aerobic and abrasive, calling his taste for confrontation counterproductive to the compromise and co-operation that grease the wheels of government.

Yet these aggressive qualities are

Spikes at convention (above). Abernethy (below): "you can feel the confidence"



Senator Ernest Manning: clash on call



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just what the Sorends need. Until recently, they have been considered a weak opposition, far too slow off the mark and far too gentlemanly for the cut and thrust of parliamentary debate. Too often they have been shown up by the verbally adept NDP leader, Grant Notley. Syles is a lifelong rebel, who learned as a child that "If you're lighter and skinner, you have to be smarter and faster." His advisors see him as honest and forthright. (When he took over as mayor, he removed the door from his office.) They find his candor refreshing. "He actually takes a position, states it and sticks to it," says house leader Ray Spence. Looking very much like, and sometimes acting the part of a modern day Don Quixote, he's best known and liked for his enduring defence of ordinary citizens, the working class and minorities. In that sense, he shares the traditional populist concerns of the party. The Sorends can't wait for him to win a seat in the legislature, since they think he will add new meaning to the word "opposition" in Alberta. "He's not afraid of Lougheed, or any cabinet minister for that matter," says Spence, who chaired Syles's leadership campaign. "He can intelligently argue a case. You can feel the confidence."

In fact, Syles is drawing on his friends from the mayoralty days to bolster the party organization. People such as Hugh Burgess, 35, a former social worker turned activist turned developer and businessman, are devoting much of their time to helping the Sorends. Burgess organized the convention, and brought along a team of resource people for the policy workshops — economists, accountants, small businessmen — to participate and listen, placing the fresh faces where they could have some influence. With a provincial election expected next spring, a year ahead of schedule, Burgess is now selecting a committee to develop a campaign list for candidates that will include pamphlets on financing and campaign strategy, policy papers and speeches and election posters.

In the event of an election, the Sorends plan to stake out the centre by promoting free enterprise while protecting the rights of the individual. They are endeavoring to paint the Lougheed administration as left-leaning (the Government favoring Big Business, run by a private club of close friends for the benefit of a privileged few. After 10 years in power, they say, "Peter has peaked" and it's time to knock "the King" off his throne. They see discontent surfacing in a province where, until recently, it has been designed to confuse the Tories, who were busy defending all Albertans from the encroachment of Ottawa. They will at-

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tempt to convince voters that, over the years, the Tories have been corrupted by the power they wield, distancing themselves from the public, neglecting social services, and becoming increasingly disdainful of criticism.

The *Secords* are stepping up their contribution to that criticism. They have taken aim at the Heritage Fund, pointing out that the fund's \$9.5 billion isn't boosting the quality of life for the average citizen. Setting a precedent, the party has withdrawn \$30,000 from official Opposition funds, drawn from public money, to record a 30-second television spot. It shows a young child with his grandfather unable to locate the opening of a blue Heritage Fund piggy bank. The message: "The Heritage Fund should not be the government's private piggy bank." Recently *Secords* joined other opposition members to stage a filibuster to force the government to become more open in its management of the fund. When a judicial inquiry was called to investigate possible cabinet leaks and influence peddling surrounding a provincial land bank and annexation scheme near Edmonton, the *Secords* hired a hard-hitting Calgary criminal lawyer to represent them.

Within their own organization, they are not fond of raising almost every day. Looking for \$300,000 to run an election campaign, they are calling on friends as well as companies and individuals disenchanted with the Longwell government—small oil industry service companies, for instance. Sykes charges that some refuse to help, not because they disagree with the *Secords* but because they disagree with the manner in which the *Secords* are, as a matter of law, will become public knowledge, revealing in fact government contracts. At the same time they are searching for high-calibre, credible candidates such as Joe Palmer, the former head of the Coast of British Columbia Association, now living in Calgary. And they are schooling themselves in the techniques of modern electioneering.

The fact that their followers are few and far from young leaves them undaunted. "It will be an agonizing re-building process, but we have to show evidence of change if we are to win the public's confidence," Sykes says. However, the party's election call at the conference did not come from Sykes, but from Senator Manning. Stepping up to the podium at the conference opening, the renowned 73-year-old elder statesman of Alberta politics drank in the applause before launching into a stirring cry for change in the party. "There is an urgent need for an alternative to be in place as and when the public demands new leadership and new approaches. We will not attain our goal by living in the past. This is not 1935. This is 1981." □

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CANADA

The rebel and the righteous

By Ian Anderson

In their infinite pragmatism, Quebecers seem to have found more interesting the realisation that outsteering staff of the national assembly may have made pornographic films in the stolen Senate than Premier René Lévesque's depiction of provincial rights being stopped away by the so-called "English-speaking technocracy" of Ottawa. Even after Lévesque's ringing denunciation of "the shameful betrayal" Quebec endured in Ottawa, polls show Quebecers split, as always, between support for their champion in Quebec City and their champion in Ottawa.

Lévesque's best rendition of how he was doublecrossed by his fellow premiers in what was once the Gang of Eight may actually have helped boost the premier by his own patsy. "You didn't expect them to be working behind the scenes?" asked popular television interviewer Denise Bombardier. "Mr. Lévesque, we really expect our politicians to be more sophisticated than that."

Running hard last week to keep party regulars behind him, Lévesque found it politic to leap back aboard the separatist train. That involved hardening his rhetoric—once upon stepping the "Effort" of Pierre Elliott Trudeau—and, for four days, refusing any future negotiations with Ottawa.

"The only solution for the people of Quebec is to finally one day become a sovereign nation," he told the 300 delegates to the Parti Québécois national assembly on Saturday. But his schedule will differ from that proposed by party militants, who have proposed calling an early election on the new constitution. Many of these hard-liners took to the microphone Saturday and expressed concern that Trudeau might, after all, agree to Lévesque's "non-negotiable" demands for a separate deal with Quebec.

Naturally, Trudeau did not—quite. In his reply to Lévesque at a Liberal convention in Quebec City Saturday night, Trudeau played out and weaseled with his old adversary by dangling, outstare-

ly, the prospect of a showdown referendum, a shootout between the two champions and their "two nations" of Canada. "We will have to decide if we will have a Quebec inside Canada or a Quebec outside Canada," he told fellow travellers seated beneath banner pictures of himself. The choice, he advised, was between "a Canada of equality and sharing or a Canada of inequality, confrontation and separation."



Lévesque: They expected more sophistication

As always, Lévesque is having to balance delicately between the moderates and radicals in his party. The no-further-negotiations stance of Monday became the take-it-or-leave-it offer to Trudeau on Friday, recognising the existence of two founding nations, allow Quebec to opt out of minority education rights, and force federal compensation for any national programs that Quebec may want to administer at home. No further movement can be expected until

Lévesque makes it through the shark-infested waters of his party's Dec. 4 to 6 convention. Trudeau paid Lévesque a double compliment of agreeing his ultimatum and embracing him a proclama son, Quebec Liberal leader Claude Ryan, whose political ground lately has been as unstable as the San Andreas fault. Yes, Trudeau said, the 2,000 Liberal delegates, he would recognise Quebec's special status by voting for a Charter.

For his part Ryan can only automatically hope their children into English schools in Quebec.) And, yes, he would agree to financial compensation for Quebec if it opted out of programs of a cultural and linguistic nature. "I don't have the impression we will be drowned tomorrow by anglophones, but if it happened I would be ready to negotiate a clause that would protect us."

For his part Ryan can be counted on to continue reminding federalists and Plouffe alike that it was Lévesque himself who agreed to let the Gang of Eight drop Quebec's traditional veto over constitutional changes. And the minority language proposals now ready to be enshrined were first proposed by Lévesque himself in 1977. Shaping away the veto, Ryan told the national assembly, was "the most serious error ever made by a Quebec premier."

Unlike Lévesque, representatives of Canada's 12 million native people were not even in the room when the constitutional deal was struck and discussed recognition of their rights and privileges in the charter of rights. Gordon Friesen, the Trudeau-appointed Canadian human rights commissioner, branded the omission "unconscionable" last week. Inuit leaders threatened to "shut down the North" if the rights provision were not restored when the constitution's adoption comes before the Congress on Thursday. The native leaders did not dwell on the memory of their previous opposition to the charter as "anemic" and "empty, desiring and insincere."

Trudeau has refused to resurrect the

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Trouble, Indian Affairs Minister John Manos, native leaders John Apsamé and Charlie Watt, 'unconscionable' justice

close without approval from the province, an event that could be long in coming. At stake for provincial governments are massive land and mineral claims laid by native groups throughout the West and North. Provincial politicians worry that the charter could widen the areas under dispute, and perhaps make the native cause more favorable in the courts. Such attitudes were condemned by Thomas Berger, the Vancouver judge who fought the historic first land claims case to a victory for the Shuswap Indians of B.C. Last week Berger lamented, "Under the new constitution the first Canadian shall be lost."

The natives did not extend their concern over human rights to women and men, particularly the 15,700 women and their 17,000 children who could have returned to reserves had the charter been pushed through intact. These women married non-Indians and thus lost their reserve status. Indian men are not similarly restricted by whom they marry. While equality of the sexes did survive the deal-making—although Troubat was not sure of this a day later—it did not survive intact. Provinces can override the equality section where they feel it necessary. Judy Enns, the minister responsible for the status of women, expects no gross injustices. Canadian women would not stand for it, she says. But Furwenberg deplores the dilution. "There's a lot of symbolism in it [the constitution]," he believes. "That symbolism has been seriously assured."

Soured or not, and with or without Lévesque's blessing, the package goes before the House this week. "Don't compare it to stopas," advised one of the veterans of the constitutional campaign. "Compare it to what it might have been if we had no deal." It is not just Lévesque, however, who would like to turn the clock back.

With files from Anne Berner and David Deloit.

The Via protests roll nowhere

The 400 residents of a logging community in Northern Quebec did not bother waiting last week to find out what a group of southerners had decided. While lawyers across the country mounted last-minute legal battles to block Ottawa's planned Via Rail cutbacks, the residents of the town of Paré decided to take direct action to hold on to their train. They knew all too well that without its daily service they would be utterly dependent on their only other link to the outside world—a 100-km stretch of poorly maintained gravel road. So, late Wednesday night, the townsfolk piled sand, gravel and even wrecked cars onto the tracks in front of the dilapidated train station.

Passenger and freight trains stopped and stranded 40 people for a day and a half while police cleared away the debris. No sooner had one of the trains pulled out Friday morning than it was greeted with another pile of sand left 25 km down the track by a group of Cree Indians. If all that left passengers frustrated, it was only a taste of annoyance to come. Ottawa's cutbacks would swing into effect on Sunday, reducing train service to Paré to three times a week and leaving the remote community, 300 km north of Montreal, feeling more isolated.

While Paré and the string of Northern Quebec communities are among the hardest hit, there was anger across the country at almost 30 per cent of the nation's passenger rail service faced obliteration over the weekend. In an effort to head off the cuts, the nationwide rail lobby, Transport 2000, had teamed up with municipal and pro-

vincial governments and brought suit in Edmonton, Regina, Winnipeg, Montreal and Saint John. But by last Wednesday, with only a few days to go before the cuts were due, the tide had already turned decisively against the protesters. A federal court in Regina ruled that Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pepin had the legal right to order the cutbacks.

The Saskatchewan decision can be appealed, but the defeat was a blow to other provinces that had hoped to win injunctions before Via started wiping the trains off the tracks. In one last, desperate rally, the Jasper Chamber of Commerce, backed by the Alberta government, asked a provincial court on Friday to stop Ottawa from dismantling the Super Continental, one of two cross-country trains. The move failed and the historic trail, which used to sweep through Saskatchewan, Edmonton and Jasper on its way from Winnipeg to Vancouver, would be reduced to a humiliating crash-bush of day-trips. The reduction is a particularly harsh blow to Jasper, which has relied heavily on the flow of tourists who came by train. "Here we are, the largest national park, with the finest services available," says Jasper Chamber of Commerce President Walter Urquhart. "There's only one economic base here and that's tourism. This is going to affect the entire town."

Defeated by the Saskatchewan and Alberta attacks, Quebec plans to use a different argument when it takes its case to court next week. Quebec officials dug up a 100-year-old document showing that the province was guaranteed

"I love it when you smile."



Lawyers Richard Scott and Eric Bowers in Regina: A failed 'natural justice'



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daily train service on the northern line when it ended the railway to Canadian Pacific went back in the 1980s.

While the protesters undoubtedly want full train service restored, what really rankles them is the fact that they never even had a chance to make their case at a public hearing. Pugin overturned the long-established practice of having potential railbikes reviewed by the Canadian Transport Commission when he made his pronouncements in July. In fact, some of the trains being stopped have already been reviewed by the commission and deemed necessary. The government's disregard for the review procedure even set off an attack last week from a Senate-Commons committee, chaired by Liberal Senator John Godfrey. While denouncing Pugin's action as legal, the committee said it lacked "natural justice." "The public should have been heard," said Godfrey. *The Globe and Mail* travelled farther. "Closing the lines is upsetting," it said in an editorial. "The manner of their closing is deplorable."

With no hope of keeping the doomed trains on their tracks, the Patient Infirm came up with at least a temporary solution Friday night. When Via officials closed the tracks, they had to bring in another locomotive to pull the stalled cars. The original locomotive stayed behind, the Indians had simply taken it hostage. —LARRY McQUADE

With photos from Anne Byrne and Dale Baker.



McQuade denounces Pugin's act last July.

Distant heroes in the valleys of death



Chowdhury at B.C. commando training camp: a much diminished chance to serve

On June 22, 1944, a 15-year-old Chinese Canadian named Henry Pung purchased into Malaysia—said the attendant danger from the Japanese army that had occupied it. For four days and five nights, Pung and two British comrades slugged through the humid Asian jungle. Their mission: to direct underground forces in sabotaging Japanese communications, help blow up a railway bridge and harass road convoys. Good was some stuff, but something Alec Guinness could never have pulled off, even with the most cunning disguise Henry Pung, however, easily passed himself off as a local inhabitant of a country that he absorbed a steady influx of Chinese for conscripts.

Vancouver-born Sgt. Pung was one of the more than 100 largely immigrant Canadians who volunteered for service with British Commonwealth units and whose exploits are celebrated in *Chinese Soldier Behind Enemy Lines, 1942-1945*, written by Roy MacLaren and published last week. Originally written as a historical flashback about French-speaking Canadians recruited to serve in occupied France, MacLaren stumbled upon a series of connections that led to Hongkong, Yugoslavia, Italian and Chinese Canadian agents. For the Chinese-Canadian, the opportunity to serve in the Asian theatre was a pleasant surprise. The *Maclean's* King administration had considerably reduced their attempts to serve with

the Canadian armed forces. Indeed, they had not even won the right to vote. The British, however, recognized their potential as undercover agents and began recruiting them in 1943. At a training camp on Lake Okanagan in B.C., the volunteers learned Morse code, demolition and scouting other aspects of underground warfare.

The Canadian volunteers served with two British organizations, the SOE (Special Operations Executive) and MI-6. The SOE was formed in 1940 specifically to provide agents for occupied territory to help train and organize resistance fighters in sabotage, communications disruption and intelligence gathering. The British quickly recognized the usefulness of French-Canadians and began to recruit them in 1943. Training was intense for the men who were, as Mac-

Pung and MacLaren: the 'Mr. Standfast'



Laren puts it, "self-reliant, able to sustain the loneliness of the life of the secret agent and the courage to live face-to-face with the enemy." Dialect, geography and local habits had to be perfected so that a Canadian could ride a German-occupied Paris metro every day, or pass as a Yugoslav hillman while actually helping Tito's partisans.

The accomplishments of the operation survived Gustave Boies, a Quebecer born in France, proved to be one of the most successful SOE agents, operating undetected in France for 18 months, recruiting and training agents for export of the pending Allied inva-

sion and the disruption of German communications networks. He was finally caught and executed by a firing squad at the Fleeschberg concentration camp in 1944. Frank Pickens was a Winnipegger with a good working knowledge of French. MacLaren says, he was unable to successfully impersonate a Frenchman, and he was arrested by the Gestapo just four days after parachuting into France. He was eventually hanged at Buchenwald. Of the 106 SOE Canadian agents, 30 were captured and executed. Of the 35 who parachuted into France, seven failed to return.

MacLaren, himself, fell for Elizabeth

and parliamentary secretary to Energy Minister Marc Lalonde, spent two years writing the book, primarily as a fight from his home riding in Toronto to his Ottawa office. Having been tipped to the idea by former Liberal finance minister Donald Macdonald, MacLaren sought out survivors through phone-book research (Henry Pung turned up back in Vancouver) and recorded the names of friends and relatives of the dead. They were men MacLaren calls "Mr. Standfast," who stood firm in the face of the enemy, fighting for what one might have been their homeland. —NORMAN WELLS

QUICK:

A far cry from those \$1-an-hour days

The strike immediately made history. In 1940, asbestos workers walked out illegally for five months to force their American-owned employer to raise their pay to \$1 an hour from 85 cents. Thatford Mines, a small town southwest of Quebec City, became the rallying point for the province's reformers. Premier Maurice Duplessis responded by sending in the police to protect company interests and put down the workers. Since then, Asbestos Corp., Quebec's second-largest asbestos producer, has been a symbol of the worst of Quebec worker servility and poverty.

Last week, the Parti Québécois government struck a deal to buy the parent company's majority shares under threat of expropriation. But, by the time Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau had finished explaining his sample and deposit deal, Quebec taxpayers had good reason to wonder who the real victims were. The province is spending millions of dollars to buy into an industry that is in a worldwide slump and that is unhealthy both in its outlook for the next few years and in the risks it poses to its workers.

The price tag was the first thing to be dropped. Parizeau bristled with self-congratulations when he announced that the deal would cost Quebec taxpayers only \$1 billion. Quebec has five years in which to buy General Dynamics' majority shares at \$42 each, plus interest. In the meantime the company and the government will caddle in the boardroom. General Dynamics holding on to its majority shares, the government controlling the votes. But analysts pointed out that cumulative ownership interest of 16 to 17 per cent, mixed with other complex financial agreements, could put the cost at \$125 million.

Then came the realization that taxpayers would be losing doubly—as majority shareholders. The corporation is

charged of breaching Quebec pension funds, La Caisse de Dépôt et Placement, was one of 2,000 small shareholders to whom the government did not make the buy-out offer.

By keeping its offer to General Dynamics at less than 16 per cent above the going price for the stock, the government avoided having to extend the deal to minority shareholders. The stock, which had been trading at artificially high levels since 1977 when the Quebec government first announced its take-over intention, plunged from \$17 to \$15 a share by week's end. That meant a paper loss of some \$24 million for small shareholders. The only real winners were Asbestos Corp.'s 1,500 miners. They now effectively become public servants—in a province in which such people are treated in high esteem, fight work weeks, generous benefits and insured job security. It is a far cry from the dollar-and-a-half they had to survive for 30 years ago.

—ANNE BRUNNE



Parizeau and (below) Thatford Mines. High salaries and light work ahead



Budget '81: The gathering storm

By John Hay

For many Canadians there was a certain understandable appeal to Allan MacEachen's budget last week. It was the joy of seeing the rich lose some of their tax loopholes, coupled with a measure of relief for most taxpayers. But throughout the budget documents on the economic warning that the economy will worsen before it improves. Growth will flatten, unemployment will rise and inflation will remain in double digits for at least another two years. Having toppled his barometer, MacEachen buttressed down the latches. The government deficit will be constricted and the macro-economic strategy have been shelved. Only the windfall revenues from the oil and gas taxes (\$15.1 billion for 1980-81) made room for the income tax reductions. To many, it was an all too discouraging prospect.

Conditions are already depressing enough, with consumer prices rising 12.7 per cent higher than a year ago, and the officially recorded unemployment rate last month at 8.5 per cent of the labor force. Although the economy was a whole continuing to grow through the first half of 1981, there were signs of slowdown by summer. More than 100,000 people have been laid off so far this year, and in October there were 10 per cent more jobless starts than a year ago. Even more troubling to government economists is their dark outlook for the United States economy, now in the throes of a recession that is almost certain to spread north. High and erratic U.S. interest rates in the last months of 1980, and the inflationary potential of large U.S. deficits, leave Ottawa more pessimistic than Washington about the economic future of the United States—and therefore about Canada.

While the Reagan administration argues within itself about such questions

(page 46), there was no more interested onlooker than Allan MacEachen. He, like Ronald Reagan, has faced on a course of spending restraint combined with tax cuts. But unlike Reagan, MacEachen took care to give his tax cuts the appearance of justice (see following story). Where Reagan's favored the very

For all the tinkering with the income tax, MacEachen emerges as a fiscal minimalist with his second full budget. Deluged with all and gas billions during Ottawa's arguments with the protesting provinces, he can manage to bring tax revenues closer to expenditures. And the budgetary deficit is intended to narrow from \$12.3 billion this year to \$9.6 billion in 1982-83. At the same time, government spending is predicted to grow more slowly than the economy itself. Lower personal taxes and breaks for small business are more than offset by, among other things, closing loopholes and extending the corporate surtax. In addition, the treasury will take in \$1.4 billion more next year than would have been the case without the new budget. Interestingly, MacEachen's omens can be run by remote control. Taxes on profits, liquor and tobacco—more politically precocious in any budget—now move automatically, untouched by the finance minister's hands.

With MacEachen bent on fighting inflation by limiting government spending, the budget provided no great boon to the victims of interest rates. Of the estimated \$90,000 homeowning homeowners, mortgagees in the last half of 1980 and in 1982, only a few thousand will be eligible for government subsidies, or guarantees covering their mortgage interest default. Small-business development loans—previously guaranteed by the federal government—are extended for another year, and they will apply to farmers as well. The government is also subsidizing loans through the Farm Credit Corporation. These limited efforts are all of a piece with MacEachen's "fiscally prudent" stance. So too was the government's withdrawal from a national-oriented industrial strategy heavily promised in the last election campaign (page 37). The only thing left that looked strategic was the external. MacEachen had already complained publicly that helping up foreign-

aided firms with foreign currency was pressing down the Canadian dollar, and the National Strategy Program had raised corporate and government business in the United States. In the end, not without the interventionist ambitions of the Liberal campaigners.

Provincial leaders found reason to gripe against another of MacEachen's party-gardening idea: a cut of about \$2.3 billion from federal transfer payments to provinces for the years 1982 to '87. Ottawa argues that the provinces will only be out of pocket by \$0.9 billion, because they will reap their own extra revenues from an income tax base enriched for them by the phasing of layoffs. What MacEachen would not admit officially was that the provinces stand to lose even more if they agree to

inaction at all. Privately, federal officials admit that their proposed formula would supply smaller handouts in coming years than the present plan. Barring one of those transfer payments will become flat and doubtless furious as the March 30 deadline approaches.

To provincial squawks of hardship, Ottawa can always reply with the invitation to provincial ministers to go home and increase their own taxes. That is especially true in the argument over federal transfers for health and education, which go to rich as well as poor provinces. To other Canadians, though, MacEachen professed "the challenge of neutrality, so that inflation is reduced, interest rates are brought down and growth resumed as soon as possible." He repeatedly urged against demanding

dramatic shifts of the budget as inadequate and unjust.

To Conservative finance critic Michael Wilson, the budget turned out to be "a shell game" that "leaves Canadians with a sense of helplessness and frustration." But in a curiously awkward Commons performance, Wilson never ventured any better way out of his nation's ills. New Democrat Bob Rae called the budget "a blueprint for recession" in which the Liberals were admitting, "There is nothing we can do." Indeed, there was something to that charge, the question is whether there is anything anyone could do. The cabinet has already asked itself from one alternative answer—a thoroughgoing industrial strategy that might have given some direction to the fate of design



Finance Minister Allan MacEachen
'Economic Renewal'

rich, MacEachen's are aimed further down the scale. The department of finance estimates that 12 million taxpayers will enjoy cuts next year ranging from \$115 (in the under \$15,000 bracket) to \$5,025. Closing loopholes lifts the rich, though most of the 780,000 taxpayers who will pay next year are in the middle brackets. Indexing the tax brackets again next year will also help a typical family of four could bring in about \$15,000 without paying any federal income taxes next year.



PC finance critic Michael Wilson
'A Shell Game'

other federal changes in the equalization scheme. Started 35 years ago, the system sends funds from federal coffers to the governments of low-net provinces (new all but Ontario, Saskatchewan, Alberta and BC). It is meant to provide provinces with enough money to offer companies public land, and, as is computed in a hypothetical average province's tax base. The program's main problem, however, is that the average has been rising since western oil prices took off. Were it not for a special exemption, even Ontario would qualify as low-net because this alone to (all The federal proposal instead of the all-inflated national average tax base, Ottawa would use Ontario as the standard for equalization. For equalizing purposes, Ottawa calls this a generous offer, because when the current five-year program is not met March the federal government is not required to maintain any equal-



Independent businessman John Bullock
'A Bag of Snakes'

increased wages to offset inflation, but relied on both exchange controls and price-income controls—the first an inflation, and the second as strongly unfair.

Finance department projections show how vulnerable the MacEachen budget leaves working families. After averaging 7.2 per cent this year, unemployment is put at 7.8 per cent next year and a high 9.5 per cent in 1983 and 1984, slowly edging down to 7.3 per cent by 1987. For those with work, the real average wage (wages minus inflation) is projected to fall by 2.4 per cent this year and one-fourth of a per cent in 1982, rising 1.4 per cent in 1983 but then shrinking again. Inflation isn't expected to break below 10 per cent until 1984. Finance budgeted three assumptions with a better and a worse scenario. But they were demoralizing enough to be picked up as ammunition and hurled from the opposition benches in



New Democrat finance critic Bob Rae
'Blueprint for Recession'

and domestic events. MacEachen also set himself firmly against going to any his anti-inflation policy. "There are seven qualities to three strategies that could well lead us into the rocks," he declared.

But the course he has taken carries its own risks as the financial crisis edged. For one thing, he said, "we live in an uncertain world," exposed as much as any country to economic troubles in the United States and elsewhere. For another, "we could do worse because the self-defeating battle for higher incomes becomes more intense." For now, MacEachen has taken his time in the words where the roads diverge. When he emerges as the other side, Canadians can only hope, with poet Robert Frost, that the route "has made all the difference."

Wilson photo from Carol Brownson and John Vix; Rae photo from John Vix.

Into each loophole a little rain must fall

The loopholes often are not deliberately written into the law, they are found there, like trails, under the talented smarts of lawyers and accountants. And while some are too benign to be called loopholes at all—child tax credits, say, or deductions for tuition fees—others seem close to being outright siddies. The finance department has rounded out about 180 such tax expenditures—ways by which, in effect, the government spends on taxpayers what they should otherwise pay in taxes. Only 32 of those items could be considered a cost, and that cost is something. In 1979, those 32 deductions, exemptions, credits and other breaks shavered \$47 billion of personal income from taxes. They cost Ottawa \$13.8 billion in foregone revenues. If those loopholes alone were wiped out, Ottawa could have cut tax rates by 86 per cent and still have collected the same amount of revenue. Among the most lucrative and potentially unfair:

- Income averaging: taxpayers, favorites with big-money athletes, shelter huge incomes from taxes for years at a time (permitting recipients to cash in a bit at a time and pay taxes later, when they are in a lower bracket). This is one of about a score of loopholes being closed or tightened.
- Deduction of interest on money borrowed to buy registered retirement savings plans. Since 1978, interest is supposed to encourage saving, not debt; this seemed a pointless subsidy for loans to the self.
- Disallowed in the budget last week, multiple urban residential buildings were found exempt to encourage investment in apartment buildings. In fact, paper rental leases have been used by generally wealthy investors to shelter other income from taxes. The scheme is being tightened.

The government argues that the impact of such loopholes is more pernicious than the mere loss of tax revenue: they often lead to investments made more for tax dodges than for profit. They become so complicated only those rich enough for lawyers and accountants can afford to look for them, and they often allow risk taxpayers to transfer for less into Canada than do the poor. Revenue Canada's 1979 figures—the latest available—show that among

the poorest 10 per cent of low- and middle-income taxpayers used this device, for an average of just \$828. The budget tightened up on the dividend credit, along with a variety of fringe benefits untaxed before. Among them: low-interest loans, company cars, free travel and company-paid dental plans. Estimated yearly value of the exclusions in the Treasury's early \$2 billion.

New federal tax rates

Taxable income bracket	Rate proposed in budget	Old rate
(dollars)	(per cent of income)	
under 1,112	6	6
1,112—3,224	16	16
3,224—4,448	17	17
4,448—6,672	18	18
6,672—11,120	19	19
11,120—15,568	20	21
15,568—20,016	23	23
20,016—24,464	25	25
24,464—31,136	25	28
31,136—53,376	30	32
53,376—86,736	34	34
86,736—133,440	34	39
133,440 and over	40	43

taxpayers reporting incomes of \$50,000 and up, 3,047 didn't pay a cent in federal tax. Another 367 reported incomes of \$30,000 or more without paying tax. Closer to earth, 282,000 people reporting more than \$30,000 paid an effective tax rate of less than 15 per cent. But another 285,000 who reported less than \$30,000 paid more than 16 per cent.

By turning the best tax-savings advice, and with the most money with which to play, the rule makes the most use of the loopholes. Close to point zero, 50 per cent of high-bracket filers cut their taxes an average \$5,897 by claiming the dividend tax credit, only

316 per cent of low- and middle-income taxpayers used this device, for an average of just \$828. The budget tightened up on the dividend credit, along with a variety of fringe benefits untaxed before. Among them: low-interest loans, company cars, free travel and company-paid dental plans. Estimated yearly value of the exclusions in the Treasury's early \$2 billion.

This was not, however, a make-it-rich budget. What the wealthy lost in loopholes, many made up in newly reduced tax rates. In the top bracket (\$120,440 income or more), the marginal rate falls from 43 per cent to 34 per cent; gains are smaller in lower brackets, and almost vanish at about \$50,000. The tax brackets and personal exemptions are being indexed again to help offset inflation. That is most visible in the high brackets, because every income dollar left exposed to tax is taxed at higher rates. The government figures that the net effect of these changes—including the tightened lower brackets—is to raise \$5.5 million from no tax change, 12 million from paying less and 786,000 from more on high-income earners. On balance, even more important, taxpayers get a break, although those few who do get whisked get whisked. Hard figures show \$20,000 in the \$100,000-plus bracket being levied an average \$23,400 in additional income taxes next year. Another \$5,000 in the same bracket will pay less.

In spite of the satisfying and to some notorious loopholes, the new budget does not seem to have shifted the income tax burden much along the income scale. And it certainly has not touched the maldistribution of income in Canada, which has remained static for 36 years. The poorest 10 per cent of Canadians will get by on just four per cent of personal income. The richest 20 per cent take home 42 per cent of the national pie—18 times as much.

JOHN HAY

FIRA: The stable door opens again

Three during last week's budget address, Finance Minister Allan Rock said that the government was honoring pledges made at Parliament's opening in April, 1980, to help homeowners and to expand foreign and MacLachlan did not mention a third three speech undertaking—together foreign investment regulations. There was a good reason. After months of heated cabinet debate, the promise was engulfed in a sea of fudge, beneath which full of bad smoke.

In February, 1980, during the election campaign that returned the Liberals to power, Pierre Trudeau promised "to expand and strengthen" the Foreign Investment Review Agency (FIRA) in addition to approving foreign take-overs of Canadian firms. FIRA's mandate was to be "broadened." The agency was supposed to carry out performance reviews of large foreign firms to make sure they spent more on research and development in Canada and provided sales in larger markets abroad. The government also undertook to form advance divisions of proposed take-overs and to help fund counterfeits by Canadians.

Then in white, Herb Gray, the new nationalist minister of industry, conceded that Trudeau's Toronto speech "seemed to have a major impact during the very crucial last days of the campaign." In a discussion paper presented in cabinet in July, 1980, Gray argued that foreign investment and economic control "must be tackled as an integral part of our industrial development strategy." The aim was to reverse the rampant trend that got Canadian manufacturers little scope for originating products for world markets—and, accordingly, resulted in more exports of Canadian raw materials than finished goods.

A seven-member cabinet committee remained divided, as the issue throughout last summer. MacLachlan, Economic Development Minister Bob Glass and Trade Minister Ed Leamy argued against national strategy. On the other side were Gray, Science Minister John Roberts and Manpower Minister Lloyd Axworthy, a kind of economic nationalist. Walter Gordon, Debate between free traders and technological sovereignty was spirited and



Gray: the reverse was particularly brutal

staff, with Regional Economic Expansion Minister Pierre de Bure, the last member of the group, making a vigorous push for funding economic development geographically.

In the end, the nationalists lost and MacLachlan announced last week that

Others: the jury will be out for years



the promised FIRA legislation will not go ahead "for the time being." The reverse was particularly brutal for Gray, who had presided over the policy that led to the creation of FIRA. But his defeat followed a long and honorable tradition of nationalists eventually given the cold shoulder.

MacLachlan, however, insisted that the decision was not a "look-off at all." He claimed that the performance of multinationals in Canada will be reviewed during "ongoing consultations with corporations" and in "an exchange of views about various plans." Had Roberts defensively "I would not describe it as a decision not to go ahead. It's a question of what would be a useful time to implement [the plan], if they are to be implemented." Down the corridor, Gray added, "We've decided to change the concept."

And its name. Instead of industrial strategy, the new policy is labelled "economic development." Many nationalists see this as a sign that the government is not serious about the economic development package. It is a sign that the government is not serious about the economic development package. It is a sign that the government is not serious about the economic development package.

The jury will be out for years on whether the economic development package will do the trick. Once again, the Trudeau government muddled it. It is to be expected the nation's industrial strategy, but dashed out of a national route, an even better way to involve business and labor in key decisions. Gray and others submit that extensive "Canadianization" already imposed on the oil industry is a big enough national duty for the country to swallow for now. As for election promises as FIRA, it is doubtful that Gray's words in September, 1980, will ever return to haunt the Liberals. "The public is often found to have longer memories than some around here are ready to recognize." As an Liberal working the lobes at budget night observed: "That was a long time ago. This is the electronic age." —BARRY LEWIS

Idle hands in torment

A twilight in Windsor, Ont., the sprawling assembly line in Chrysler Canada's sole plant should be humming with activity. At that time John Albarr, 26, is normally testing newly assembled car chassis. But these days the plant is silent and Albarr—who has been laid off with 3,400 others on the plant's second shift—spends his time worrying about how to meet his family's needs with unemployment benefits of only \$306 a week. Laments his discouraged wife, Marjorie: "I never thought it would turn out this bad."

Windsor—where the auto-based economy has been battling inflation for the past two years—is not the only place where the masters of the economy have been alienated. Across the country workers are finding their jobs shaky as industries begin outpacing in a frightening chain reaction. Last week, as interest rates and inflation remained high, Statistics Canada reported that 8.2 per cent of the labor force—381,000



Vance: it sounded like a death warrant

people—were out of work. So far this year more than 106,000 workers have been laid off, while the number of business bankruptcies has jumped 14.5 per cent over the previous year to 4,404.

Apart from Alberta and Saskatchewan (where unemployment hovered at about half the national average), the depressing statistics reflect an even more depressing reality. Hardest hit has been the country's industrial underbelly,

stretching between southern Ontario and Quebec, where Canadian Admiral recently closed, throwing 2,400 out of work. Last week, Ford and General Motors—disappointed by sales of their 1982 models—announced temporary layoffs for 7,100 employees, further battering a weak job market.

In British Columbia a disastrous forestry slump—caused by lack of housing starts throughout North America—has meant layoffs for 3,600 woodworkers and a \$38.4-million loss for forestry giant MacMillan Model Ltd. In one-to-

one layoffs like Hastytronics Rep., a community of 600 people on Vancouver Island, the slump is a virtual death warrant. When Western Forest Industries decided recently to close down a mill employing 851 people, workers such as Gordon Vance, 50, faced the possibility of losing both their jobs and their homes. Vance, a 34-year veteran of the mill, his wife and his mother-in-law rely on one of the 18 company houses that make up most of the town. The company is still considering what it will do with the houses. Says a discouraged Vance: "I'd like to keep working. I've got aside a few dollars for my retirement, but inflation seems to eat up your money these days."

On the Atlantic coast, the downturn in the fishing industry has made things even worse for fishermen long used to coping with a poor economy. Typical of the victims are Terry Cranston and 50 other fishermen of Port L'Herbert, N.S., who—unable to find work elsewhere—hope of ending their financial woes. With their own club and help from Ot-

awa, the group built a \$1.7-million fish-packing plant which they hoped would give their product a foot in the door of the U.S. market. But while their dream still exists, Polar Bear Fisheries is now in the hands of a receiver—the third plant to shut down in Nova Scotia this fall. Poor fishing and high interest rates proved too much for the enterprise. Says Cranston: "Of course we're discouraged. It's just bad timing."

While it is the regional problems and large industry closings that attract attention, there are countless small firms quietly closing doors as the waves of the slowdown spread through the economy. In Halifax, Jon Goldberg has cut his family's clothing business from 34 locations to five. Noting that many other retailers are already offering Robinson's sales, Goldberg says most Halifax businesses are "hanging on by a thread."

What is perhaps worse is that unemployment is a vicious cycle. Many of the unemployed have been out of work as long they have

stopped registering with local manpower depots and disappearing from the government's monthly tally of jobs. Dropping out of the net of unemployment protection schemes and surviving on welfare. Windsor now finds itself with 5,300 people drawing welfare and other assistance—the highest number since the Depression. The effects of the loss of earning power are now spreading throughout the entire community. Says Frank LaSorda, head of the United Automobile Workers local that represents the 6,000 Chrysler workers: "I can't tell you how many small businesses have gone under. You hear about the big ones but you don't hear about the small guys. It's bleak. You know that for every personal bankruptcy you hear about, there are many others." But LaSorda does not think that his members have seen the end of it yet. "That's what's so disrupting. There will be more layoffs. Things will pick up again."

—IAN STEVEN
With files from Gail Dwyer and Malcolm Greig

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Mortgage pressure cooker steams on

Tender Bell economics, as New Democrat Bob Rae cheerfully told Allan MacEachern's second fall budget, was probably not the fondest dream of Canada's five million mortgage holders. Even if the former minister walks upon the brightest star in his Highland heaven, mortgage rates in 1982 will fall no lower than 15 per cent, admits one of his main advisers. And even that is possibly just wishful thinking, he adds. The odds fall more heavily in favor of rates between 16 and 18 per cent for the nearly one million homeowners who face mortgage renewals next year.

For all but a handful of homeowners MacEachern could advise only a "change in our attitudes and expectations." He meant that as a challenge to Canadians to pursue the fight against inflation. Already that challenge is being met in cities such as Calgary, where realtors report far-sale listings have risen by 40 per cent from a year ago. But not everyone can cope by simply adding "The rock can move down," says Richard Bernard of the Urban Development Institute of Canada. "The poor can't."

For the homeowner in dire straits, MacEachern has offered a measure of moral—not monetary—support. Where mortgage payments and interest taxes exceed 30 per cent of the borrower's income, that average can be deferred. It is a loss, MacEachern stresses, not a subsidy. And the debt is available for one year only, if as restricted to a maximum of \$1,000 and only people renewing mortgages after last Sept. 1 are eligible. "No homeowner will be put out of his home by means of abnormal interest rates," a benign MacEachern promised in the Commons.

It was a relatively safe promise to make, since mortgage rates have been falling swiftly. From a high of 21.75 per cent in September to last week's 19 per cent. It was also in keeping with the budget's sentiment, however, that rentiers were not given the same assistance. With va-



MacEachern: Not between the wide cracks

canity rates at a five-year low—a minuscule 0.9 per cent in Toronto, 0.6 per cent in Halifax—MacEachern ended one apartment-building incentive and introduced another. RBC leader Ed Broadbent, whose Ontario riding boasts

a also vacancy rate, quickly labelled as "a pittance" MacEachern's plan to give interest-free loans of \$1,500 for each new apartment unit, up to 15,000. Building developers found themselves in an uncomfortable position—on Broadbent's side. With building costs at about \$45,000 per two-bedroom apartment, it means an owner must charge monthly rents of \$600 at the current market rate just to cover his own borrowing. And that's after the government loan.

Like the developers, the federal minister responsible for housing, Paul Cuygure, has an easy answer: get the provinces to end rent controls. That may be tough to swallow for the nearly 600,000 Canadians who cannot afford adequate shelter, according to surveys done by Canada Mortgage and Housing Corp. (CMHC), which falls under Cuygure's political domain. If nothing is done, however, many of these renters will have to "double up" when vacancy rates hit zero in 1983, according to another CMHC study linked to the

study. Ottawa would love to foot at least part of the problem once provincial policies and get them to admit that to some degree their rent control programs may be responsible for the fact that only 25,000 apartment units will be built in Canada next year, nearly all government-subsidized. In 1971, 100,000 units were built—with almost no government assistance. And what about the renter? Cuygure has talked of some sort of "shelter allowance," but that seems lost in the cracks of austerity.

The alternative is to open the purse strings, which means a larger deficit. MacEachern refuses to budge. He calls him a "captain of an abstract economic theory that keeps no relationship to people." Rae can only draw some hope from the speed at which economic theories change in Ottawa. After all, it was Pierre Trudeau who said just seven years ago that "good housing at a reasonable cost is a natural right of every citizen of this country." —IAN ANDERSON



Is it for better or worse?

Maclean's asked two Canadian economists with differing points of view to assess last week's federal budget. John Walden, head of the faculty of economics at McGill University, has traditionally supported stimulation of economy through government spending and fiscal incentives. Michael Walder, director of the Fraser Institute in Vancouver, favors national government intervention and central bank independence through restrictive monetary policies. Here is a digest of their comments to senior writer Anthony Whittingham.

Maclean's: Does there appear to be any basic thinking underlying this budget?

Walden: It's as near to being a nullity as the government felt it could get away with. They've obviously decided to let lay out or seven months of time in which to watch what happens to the economy. I think the Liberals were simply too exhausted to come up with anything worthwhile. Between last year's National Energy Program and the recent constitutional debate, they've run out of steam.

Walder: This budget is more interesting for what has been left out than what was included. Basically, it avoids dealing with most of the larger issues in the economy. By providing some relief for those rent hit by high interest rates, it seems to aim at removing the assumption from critics of its anti-inflationary monetary policies.

Maclean's: What does this budget actually do? What help does it offer?

Walden: I think we're mistaken to expect the federal budget to be a one-year Hallows' bag of tricks. This year it was. The low-key report to the nation, saying, "we really don't have much to say at the moment." It does accomplish a certain amount of administrative reform by cleaning the tax system somewhat. But compared to last year's National Energy Program, there isn't nearly the substance.

Walder: This budget is a deeper in the sense that we've known the impact of

many of its changes for some time to come. It does provide some assistance to victims disproportionately affected by high interest rates—homeowners, farmers, laborers, small businesses and so on. It also cleans up the tax system by closing a lot of loopholes.

Maclean's: Does the budget do enough? Does it address the real problems facing the country's economy?

Walden: Most of the big issues facing the country at the moment—unemployment, high interest rates and so on—require fairly drastic measures. The budget skirted most of these. What the government should be doing is finding ways of stimulating more demand—for example, by a massive home-building program. If the private sector isn't providing the demand, then it's up to the government.

Walder: A number of features in the budget don't seem to have been thought through very carefully. For example, venture capital needs both for high-risk businesses and for residential rental units is likely to dry up as a result of the tax changes. The main priority today in the battle against inflation, and there is nothing in this budget to indicate any reduction in government spending, and this is very bad thing. **Maclean's:** How does the philosophy of this budget compare to trends in other countries?

Walden: In the face of what's going on in the United States, it's asking a lot more for the Liberal government to swing as far left as Mitterrand or the Socialists. Also, this tried interventionism in the last budget and got their fingers a bit burned. This budget is a mild imitation of the restraint themes in the U.S.—which I think, by the way, are coming apart at the seams.

Walder: This budget is dramatically opposite to what's going on in Britain and the United States. Monetary and restraint are being tried in those countries, but the higher authorities and income earners there are given less room. This budget promises higher earners through progressive taxation.



Walden and (below) Walder no Hallows' bag of tricks



For more info on the tobacco industry, contact P.O. Box 101, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 2A1.

Europe's growing nuclear revolt

By Marel McDonald

It might have been dismissed as just another event, the star-bedecked affair if it hadn't appeared so deliberate a move. Positioned squarely before the TV lights and the massed Washington press corps last week, President Ronald Reagan repeated the performance that less than a month earlier had met such a cold, wet crowd across the Atlantic. In the same tangled syntax, he reiterated the possible scenario for a limited battlefield nuclear exchange which would not necessarily require either superpower risk pushing the all-out button.

To many Europeans contemplating the death and destruction of two world wars on their soil, the message this time could have no doubt. The nuclear battlefield is Europe where, in line with a 1978 NATO decision, the United States wants to deploy 572 Pershing II and cruise missiles in five countries by late 1983 in answer to the 85 Soviet intermediate missiles already trained in its silos. Indeed, in the wake of yet another Reaganite rhetorical bomb, the response from the shaken continent seemed to be a steadily gathering "No."

Optate polls and massive peace marches from London to Bonn during the past month have shown that the greatest European antinuclear wave since the 1960s is taking shape. And it is a tide fueled with creeping anti-Americanism which the United States itself is blamed for whipping up. As a national opinion poll published in last week's *London Observer* showed, 57 per cent of Britons believe Reagan's neo-fascist tactics are making nuclear war more likely. The British, it says, are not so much anti-nuke as anti-NATO. From the same poll noted 55 per cent want U.S. Air Force bases closed in Britain, while 67 per cent still think the U.K. should keep its own nuclear deterrent. But the poll adds fuel to the continent's rampaging peace movement, which is fiercer now than 10 years ago in London, Paris, Rome, Brussels and Bonn last month.

Washington has been busy denouncing those protests as Soviet-inspired "pacifist and neutralist" propaganda. But American leaders do not seem to understand that the White House is unwittingly turning into Moscow's greatest ally. Says former British chancellor of the exchequer Denis Healey: "What President Reagan said is worth a



Reagan, London protesters: 'No' to Uncle Sam

million votes in the nuclear disarmament movement in Europe."

With references steadily declining before the White House and the Kremlin, Europeans have grown increasingly unwilling to find themselves caught in between—sacrificial pawns in the nuclear posturing between superpowers. What Healey says, in the wake of Reagan's talk of "limited" nuclear confrontation on the continent and Secretary of State Alexander Haig's hypothesizing about "demonstrative" nuclear warlike shifts to frighten off the Soviets, situations has turned into suspicion.

Son Robert Narick, assistant director of London's Institute for Strategic Studies: "There's a sense that the U.S. either doesn't know what it wants to do or, if it knows, it has views that are dangerous to Europe. Here there's a great premium on a steady hand at the wheel and they don't see one. The Europeans are beginning to wonder—whether or not Reagan himself is trigger-happy—if there's anyone else in the administra-



Seen as a whole who is quiet and disoriented enough to deal with Russians

Certainly, the recent public squabbling between Haig, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and the White House security staff has done nothing to reassure them. Even NATO's secretary-general, Joseph Luns, flew to Washington this week to try, among other things, to convey that recent American rhetoric hadn't been "helpful" to the NATO missile cause.

Indeed, the tragedy of the growing breach between the United States and Western Europe is that, in the dusty valleys of transatlantic enmity, the views of both sides are not being given attention. There is some truth in Washington's contention that Moscow is un-



West Germans have out in force to protest the arms race: new nationalism

ing the peace protesters to split the Americans from their allies before talks on limiting missile deployment in Europe begin in Nov. 30 in Geneva. The Communist parties in both France and Italy helped to organize their anti-missile protests, while Marxists and the radical left of Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's Social Democratic Party played a part in the march that brought a quarter of a million people to Bonn last month—the largest postwar demonstration in West Germany.

In recent months, Moscow has launched what one French newspaper termed a "shame offensive" on shaky West Germany, where the missile race could bring down Schmidt's government. Facing the way for his link to Bonn on Nov. 30, Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev protested in an exclusive interview with the weekly *Der Spiegel* that Moscow would never subscribe to the idea of a "limited" nuclear war or a "two-steps" theory like the Americans. Brezhnev also promised never to launch the new SS-20 tube warheads against a country that didn't have U.S. nuclear weapons on its soil. That persuasive barrier is one he is expected to bring up again in Bonn, when the peace movement plans another mass rally.

Even White House Security Chief Richard Allen, writing in the U.S. Strategic Institute's quarterly "They [the protesters] do not recognize the purpose they serve—dampening the transatlantic partnership." But as Narick points out, Washington is making a "major mistake" in dismissing the anti-missile protests as easily. There are lots of different kinds of people in the European peace movement. There are also national variations. There's a very strong nationalist component strapping to creep into the movement in Germany—a feeling that they want control of

what's happening on their territory."

While Helmut Schmidt went out of his way to point out that the anti-missile movement isn't anti-nuclear or anti-Americanism, Reagan is using the missile as a test of his allied fidelity. Convinced that the Europeans aren't with him, they must be against him, he mistakenly believes that he can win them over by the very anti-nuclear tactics that have convinced them he is an unreliable leader. Ironically, the most convincing boost to the continental cause may have come last week when 151 universities across the United States celebrated Nov. 31, Vietnam Day, with a touch on the horrors of nuclear confrontation. More compelling than all the White House military jargon were the statistics cited by Massachusetts Institute of Technology Professor Henry Kendall, chairman of the Union of Concerned Scientists. If 1,000 anti-nuclear nuclear warheads were fired over Europe, he noted recently, 500 million Europeans would perish instantly. □

BELGIUM

An election that everyone lost

By Belgian standards, the election produced a clearer verdict than any ballot in two decades. But when seven million voters went to the poll to vote to deliver a right and left combination push to the dominant centre party, they unwittingly authorized to leave their divided kingdom in an even shakier state than before.

The election, called to break a month political stalemate, proved disastrous to the grand Christian Democrat Party led by outgoing premier Mark

Ykema Strypel. Of 22 seats in the 128-member parliament, it lost the edge that had permitted it to provide most of Belgium's recent prime ministers. With the hard-nosed, monetarist Liberals gaining 14 seats and the Socialists closing the final gap with a virtual three-way tie between the leading parties (38 seats were captured by regional and splinter groups) But there was nothing tidy about the consequences.

The strong Liberal advance gave the party a powerful chance to place in a new coalition. And it left the voters with an unpleasant black-or-white choice. If it opted for another partnership with the Socialists, it risked being accused of ignoring the electorate's verdict. But if it decided to link up with the Liberals, it was likely to exacerbate the country's long-standing language feud between Flemish and French speakers by shutting out the predominantly francophone Socialists.

Reflecting dismay over the party's chances, Christian Democrat spokesman Paul Vanden Broecke declared that the party should simply retreat into opposition. "Electives wouldn't make sense," he explained, "if you had the loser stepping forward to lead the country." Taking up the cue, Belgian's 31-year-old King Baudouin named a veteran Liberal politician, Herman Vanderpoorten, to test possible government arrangements.

But observers were quick to point out that Baudouin's move did not necessarily mean that a Liberal would head the next administration, nor that the government had renounced calling the final shots. The only solution they described, ruled out by a straight Liberal-Socialist coalition, because the parties are too divided ideologically to settle on a program.

And a program is desperately needed.



Europe's consequences were ugly

The economy is in a shambles as a result of recent government failures to agree on a recovery plan. With unemployment running at 15 per cent—the highest in the European Community—and a public deficit this year of over \$6 billion, once-rich Belgium is living beyond its means. That fact was rubbed in recently by the marked resistance of foreign creditors to come up with further loans. As Raymond Palaez, chief of the country's Employer's Association, said last week, "Belgium now makes me think of a well-dressed peasant that one trusts instinctively—until one learns he hasn't paid his tailor."

—PETER LEWIS

CHINA

A pair of state-crossed lovers

It was the moment the berly public security policemen had been waiting for. As Raymond Li, Hong Kong's deputy secretary of the police—and the secretary-of-the-foreigners' camp—was being, they waited no time. Flashed only to confirm that she lacked the special permit required to be present in the restricted area, they dragged her kicking and screaming into a jeep.

Nothing was heard of Li, an abstract painter and founder of French diplomatic relations in Hong Kong until last week. Requests from the French foreign ministry for an investigation met with a black refusal from Chinese officials. Then, two months after Li's arrest, Peking announced that she had been sentenced to two years' "re-education" in a labor camp for "debauchery" and for living illegally in a foreigner's quarters.

That declaration stopped the passage of the Quai d'Orsay. And diplomatic tensions were further strained after French Trade Minister Michel Jobert said the matter with Vice-Chancellor Deng Xiaoping and Premier Zhao

Going great guns for the cause



IRA weapons training: the financial support has to come from somewhere

Each evening, when Manhattan's rush hour is at full steam, a small but persistent band of Irish-Americans sets up shop outside the British Consulate on Third Avenue. While a solitary cop looks on, they erect their own poles, barbed wire and a makeshift sign of a wobbly table from which they sell pamphlets. Then, they begin a solemn march through the brick night air. Home-made signs deny BRITISH IMPERIALISM IN NORTHERN IRELAND and try to keep alive the memory of Bobby Sands.

Such support on the streets has been matched on a larger scale by Irish-American contributions to the Irish Northern Aid Committee (NIAC), the controversial funding agencies. More than a month after the end of the hunger strike in Belfast's Maze prison, the strike in which Sands and nine others died, the flow is still strong. But despite its buoyant financial fortunes, NIAC last week was under fire—this time only from the Irish and British governments, which have recently condemned its activities as a violation of international law. NIAC denies that it has links to the IRA, and it maintains that the funds it collects go to support the families of IRA prisoners through

the Green Cross in Northern Ireland and an aid agency, As Gaeoin Chabhach, in the Irish Republic. However, the justice department is not convinced. In 1977, several officials of NIAC were given one-year prison terms for conspiracy and already expiring terms. Later this month, a director, 50-year-old Michael Flanagan, will stand trial on identical charges. At the same time, NIAC lawyers are appealing a federal decision to force it to register under the Foreign Agents Registration Act as an IRA front.

There is no doubt, however, that NIAC is better able to resist such pressure than it has been for some time. With almost 35 million Americans of Irish ancestry to tap, it claims to have raised \$204,000 in the first six months of 1981, close to 2½ times the amount for the same period during the previous year. With the help of such famous Republican sponsors as Sean Sands—brother of Bobby—and Bernardine Brady, NIAC has added 12 US chapters to its pre-existing total of 35. Says Martin Delaney, NIAC's publicity director: "The hunger strike increased American awareness of the oppressive British rule, and we intend to keep that awareness up."

—JOHN HARRIS

ray movement that flourished briefly from November, 1978, to April, 1979. Believed, for his part, was also suspect because of his extensive contacts with the resident community. At a European diplomat put it: "We knew more about the dissidents than the Chinese themselves."

At week's end, no solution was in sight. While a dejected Belinfante said word is Paris of his host's fate, Li, still waiting from the chairman of the Chinese side, said: "We are coming tactical talks. The Chinese, if correct, had underlined French concern over officers of the boat."

—PO LOK



Portrait of Li Shuang, Chinese official

Shuang during a visit to Peking. Both men were expecting. They contended that because Li is a Chinese citizen, the matter was none of France's business.

As Peking sought to end its official position on Li's case, Li's host was also in a hurry. The Chinese side was keen for some talking—foreign diplomats argued that the reason for his harsh treatment lay elsewhere. They said the government is using Li's case to discourage other Chinese from coming to the United States. The Chinese side, with members of the foreign community. At the same time, the Public Security Bureau is still resentful over her association with the democ-



U.S.A.

Safe—but not totally sound

By William Seabie

It is perfectly executed lockdown on a day late but in California's Mojave Desert last Saturday grandly belied the problems that are plaguing the space shuttle Columbia. "The bird is real solid," said Capt. Joe Smith as he came in to land. And when the pathfinder craft touched down at 1:55 p.m. (EST), millions who were watching on television could finally leave their sets. The second round flight of the bulky, reusable space bus—postponed three times before it began—had ended safely, if shortened by three days.

Troubles is one of three crucial duals still controlling Columbia's re-entry rockets had NASA to halt the touch-and-go five-day flight after only 54 hours. Only a handful of its scientific experiments had been completed (see box). And the latest in a long series of setbacks dampened the gloom of the scientists gathered at Edwards Air Force Base. They had desperately needed a success as spectacular as last April's first shot. Confidence has been waning in what critics have dubbed a "100-billion white elephant" that in three years behind schedule and 40 per cent over budget

With each new setback, the 30-year-old promise of the shuttle as a cheap, reusable and civilian launch system has faded. At the same time, the prospect of the shuttle passing out of civilian control and into the hands of the military has become stronger. "We are watching the militarization of the shuttle, perhaps of NASA itself," says Congressman Ed Boland, head of the House subcom-

mittee overseeing NASA affairs. "And that's a very hard pill to swallow." Nearly all of NASA's other science programs are being sacrificed to keep the shuttle flying.

Funding for the space shuttle's military projects—chiefly the launching of spy satellites—is secure. But Reagan's cuts in NASA's budget—\$600 million so far and Congress is arguing over a further \$447 million—have almost halved over the next five years from a projected \$5 to \$2. NASA chief James Beggs went to Washington only two weeks ago to plead against even more cuts in 1983 that could force the space agency to slash the number of launches to 12 or fewer. "The shuttle can never be reliable or profitable as a civil craft unless the turnaround time between flights can be drastically reduced," says Boland. "And that can't be done without money to fund more flights. The shuttle is caught in a vicious circle."

It is not alone. With at least 600 commercial satellites due to be launched in the next decade, commercial clients have been forced back to conventional one-shot rockets, such as France's Ariane. "The shuttle is a beautiful bird," says Bob Rennie of Grumman Corp., the US sales agent,

Engine (right) and T-100 more military



for Airline "But when you're in the competitive communications business, do you wait for the bus or had a cab?"

Ironically, the shipwreck of Pentagon decisions that were what is still being sold as a civilian project comes as military brass themselves debate the bird's usefulness and costs. The Pentagon has ordered a study of conventional backup recovery that must be completed for years. The shuttle's first military mission was postponed for 1980. That date has now been set back to 1985, and testing of two secret spy applications designed for the shuttle's roomy cargo bay has been delayed. They must now be modified for rocket launch.

Nevertheless, the spaceship remains a major factor in the Pentagon's \$3-billion-a-year space effort. At Vandenberg Air Force Base on a remote cape some 60 km from Ronald Reagan's western White House, a \$300-million complex is rising. From it, space shuttles will be launched into polar orbit for clandestine military missions. Eventually, the ship could be used as a space harrier, seeking out and destroying enemy satellites or shooting missiles and laser weapons in space. But that seems a sorry fate for the craft once hailed as the vehicle that would open a new era of cosmic exploration and space "package tours." □

A helping arm from Canada

While all about it seemed to prosper, Canada's contribution to the shuttle project, the Canadians, finally passed its first tests in space last Friday. Columbia's crew fired the 16-minute-long mechanical arm and recovered the delicate "weather" that it was in the shuttle's "Earlyer" earlier. The shuttle's function of lift-off might damage the delicate "weather" that it was in the shuttle's "Earlyer" earlier. The shuttle's function of lift-off might damage the delicate "weather" that it was in the shuttle's "Earlyer" earlier.

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Stockman's embarrassing stumble

The hard part of the supply-side act is dropping the top rate from 70 to 50 per cent. The general argument was that, in order to make this palatable as a political move, you had to bring down the oil benefits. But I think, Kevin Roth was always a Trojan horse to bring down the corporate.

I might have come logically from a socialist, or even a moderate Republican. But a speaker was none other than David Stockman—President Ronald Reagan's own budget director, chief architect of the administration's controversial fiscal policies and, at 35, declared wunderkind of the cabinet. The quipsters, and others equally emboldened, appear in the December issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*, in a long, informative article titled *The Education of David Stockman*.



Stockman, summoned to the Oval Office

Last week, as Stockman's cynical appraisal of his own program spread through Washington like some senseless scandal, the high priest of Reaganism stood humiliated and disgraced, the archbishop he served profoundly shaken by its diminished credibility. Summoned promptly to the Oval Office for a private lunch-hour dressing down, the centrist budget director agonized for his poor judgment and offered to resign. Reagan refused.

The Atlantic article, by Washington Post Assistant Managing Editor William Greider, is chronological. It begins during the Carter-Reagan transition and is punctuated around a series of 18 big, recorded broadcast interviews over two months. Stockman is said to have seemed early on that, while supply-side economics made fiscal and intellectual sense, his application was impractical.

At the through spring and summer, even as Stockman's numbers pleaded for vast budget and tax cuts on Capitol Hill, he was growing increasingly pessimistic. Even if Congress approved 85 per cent of what the administration asked for—and it did—Stockman knew he would be unable to balance the budget by 1984. "We were working in a 20- or 25-day time frame and we didn't add up all the numbers."

When they did, the numbers did not tally. Devoted as his efforts to cut sharply on defense budgets, Reagan again is suggesting reduced cuts in social security. Stockman saw Reagan's budget deficit mounting from \$40 to \$80 to \$100 billion. The only cure was to shake the supply-side doctrine and raise federal taxes. That recommendation, too, found few takers in the west wing of the White House. "It boils down to a political question," Stockman told Greider last winter, "whether we can change the habits of the political system." Stockman, the true believer who lost his faith, discovered that the political infrastructure is too solidly rooted. He switched with anguish at the White House crowd in to seal the congressmen of liberal, fancy libbers, sugar libbers—"liberal groups," he called them—until the first principles of ideology were buried.

After confronting a glacially angry Reagan—"a visit to the woodshed after supper," Stockman relished it—the wily chair-bumper director found the White House gone cold. His quoted remarks were accurate but not, he insisted, substantially different from what he had been saying publicly and privately for months. The Trojan horse, with its implications that Reaganism is simply a clever ruse designed to please the rich, was not a true reflection of his feelings.

The central question now, of course, is whether Stockman can survive in his job. The guessing in Washington is that he will stay for now, letting Treasury Secretary Don Regan become chief economic lobbyist in Capitol Hill. Had Reagan fired him, he would surely have confirmed the worst assessments concerning the administration and risked more damaging statements later on.

Translating the issue of Stockman's future, however, is the impact the affair will have on Reaganism. Founded on hope and hatched on power, the president's economic recovery plan was a far cry from the simple and rich man's game, depending heavily on faith. The Stockman disclosure will inhibit the faith of Congress, and of millions of Americans, to a severe test in the months ahead. —MICHAEL POSNER

SPORTS

Canada's stumbling best foot forward

By Hal Quinn

To play in the championship of the world's most popular game is a dream nurtured, but rarely realized, by boys the world over. Last week, 22 men from Canada pursued the dream only to find it slipping away. In the decisive round robin to decide two places in the World Cup of Soccer in Spain next summer, the red-and-white-shirted Canadians were given a good chance, in fact their best one.

But a slither of squandered opportunity and unassuming play left Canada last week stuck in the middle of the pack with Mexico and El Salvador. They needed a victory over their unbeaten hosts to reflect their early promise and secure a favored status.

But the home-team advantage proved to be overgenerous. Thousands of blue-and-white flags were waving, horns blared and fireworks exploded above the crowds on the two teams marked side by side to the centre of the field. Smoke billowed from an early camp during the opening of the Honduras national anthem as the giant flag massed around over the rim of the stadium. The home team ran to each side of the field and saluted the crowd, many of whom had been in their seats for eight hours, and the 90,000 persons began to celebrate. This was the fourth game of the tournament, and in the first night matches the teams supported by the crowd had won. They wouldn't be disappointed this time.

The children, as young as six, as old as 15, barely glancing at the men from teams topped by barbed wire that walled the stands from the field at the national stadium in Tegucigalpa. For them, the game meant only a chance to hawk beer, sandwiches, little plastic cups of a local pink or orange, firecrackers playing the role of a few legends. Their business walked barefoot through the streets that wind away from the stadium, begging, searching for scraps, preparing to sleep again huddled in a doorway or, if lucky, a cardboard box. The games were not for the last children, as they are called, but



A Canadian (top) just misses a goal and indifference

for them in the stadium the game was a reflection of themselves, a source of exultant national pride and a chance to briefly forget the crushing inequities of their homeland.

If the play of the Hondurans would cause dancing in the city square, the play of the Canadians could only cause wonder and disappointment. Supposedly inspired by a newfound soccer touch in the person of Bruno Segura, Canada had scored only twice in winning and tying its first games. Though not scoring, Segura was the centre of attention. "We will play for him, but he must play for us too," said an ardent Mike Segura, the 24-year-old veteran who scored Canada's goals in the opening games. Segura does not pass the ball. His most playing and perhaps costly display came in the second half

against Honduras. Wes McCord sent a long pass to Segura, breaking down the right sideline. The Canadian had trapped the Hondurans, and as Segura moved forward, the lone defender moved out at him leaving Segura's alone, starting at an unmarked net. Segura kicked the ball into the lower 30s in behind the field. Segura could only glare in amazement. The matchmaker could have tied the game, but it seemed from the start that Canada was destined to lose.

After 13 minutes, with the crowd unleashing shriek whistles each time a Canadian touched the ball, the team's composure collapsed. The ball was gently rolling toward the Canadian net. Defender Ian Redden played it across to Captain Bob Lussier, who followed Gossie Tom Lettice and sent it to another the ball, and Ian Lussier recovered just in time to kick it out of Lettice's grasp onto the foot of Carlos Calandino, who calmly scored.

The Hondurans deserved the victory that virtually clinched their spot in the World Cup. But for the Canadians, the on-again manner in which they lost was as painful as the position they now find themselves in. They had lost to Mexico and Cuba hardly this week to become the second, and last, team to go to Honduras for the World Cup. And Canada, and the Canadian had scored a world three goals in three games. But as the happy crowd fled past the busy-duty stands with automatic weapons along casually over their shoulders, and the crowd began to leave, their daily battered children crowded on their lips, the last look on a clear perspective. "The Canadians could easily win this tournament," said Press 51 Del, star of the Haitian team that will defect to the U.S.A. after the tournament. "Look at our big, strong men. They have always had good food, good vitamins. They might not win because they don't need it as much as the players of Mexico, or Honduras or my country. The Canadians are playing soccer, we are fighting for our survival." □

Ten million a leg isn't enough

By Trent Frayne

It's hard to know which of the following pair of facts is the more outrageous: that somebody offered \$10 million for Northern Dancer, the all-time favorite colt of every warm-blooded Canadian, or that this great old fellow's owners turned the offer down.

Who can believe what's happening in the horse business? Only at Cape Canaveral are things going higher. Year-old horses who have never raced a step, who couldn't find their way out of the starting gate, who wouldn't know a jockey from a hockey puck, are fetching a million dollars without attracting any more attention than a squash player. Last summer in Kentucky, these yearlings by Northern Dancer sold for mind-blowing totals of \$6,150,000. That's three horses, each a year old, none ever to be raced, peddled up by an English betting tycoon, a Greek shipbuilder and an oil-rich group from the Middle East for nearly \$10 million each. Still, 10 million is 10 million and, as the actress said to the bishop, no means no.

What happened was that Charles Taylor, son of E.P., the man who gave Canada's racing backbone an international impact through the racing and breeding achievements of his Windfields Farm, was sending his own horses in his 1100 office in Toronto the other day when the offer soared across the Atlantic. Charles is a red-haired fortyish fellow in gold-rimmed glasses, an author and astute correspondent for *The Globe and Mail* in London and *Peking*. He has recently succeeded his father naming Windfields, his father, now 80, having suffered two or three severe strokes and no longer being aware of the enormous success story of his wonder horse.

The offer came from a bloodstock agent and veterinarian, Dr. Linda Urbas, operating from France and declaring to say who he represented or even what country they fed their horses in. He was willing to pay for the 30-year-old stallion. "It seemed the whole horse," Charles Taylor says, meaning that his chest or clients wanted all the

shares in Northern Dancer, not just a bargaining for a portion of them.

Eleven years ago, in August, 1980, E.P. had syndicated the Dancer for \$2,400,000. Ownership was divided into 32 shares, each valued at \$75,000. He kept 14 for Windfields and sold the rest to a few Canadians and several Americans. A share entitles the purchaser to one annual service by Northern Dancer

ag 21 in the United States. He and Joe Thomas, his father's racing adviser for a quarter of a century and the vice-president of Windfields, devised the marketing thing to do was to share the immense power of the nine Windfields shares and let the other shareholders make the decision.

Charles Taylor told a homeless companion one day last week, while waiting for word, that he'd be very disappointed if the shareholders elected to sell. All it meant to him, or at least to the Windfields operation, was about \$15 million—some shares at a million and a quarter each. When he was informed of this he snarled, "Oh, what the hell, it's Northern Dancer, you know." Precisely.

What a marvelous little racing machine the Dancer used to be. "He could run a mile in the wind," Jim Coleman once wrote. His style was to hang his head low in race, stretching it out, and running with short, quick, choppy bounds, screaming all the time, giving everything, wearing you out, trying, trying. He had personality, too. He loved attention, listen, he demanded it. E.P. used to give a party at his farm near Oshawa the day after the Queen's Plate each summer and he'd parade a few of his stallions and mares and yearlings. When the Dancer was brought out of the big pale yellow barn where the stallions were quartered, he'd pass brightly. He is after-dinner speaker demanding attention. When he got it, he'd toss his head, paw the ground, and then bounce along beside the groom. The next year he was 11, and for the past 17

years he has been covering 60 odd races a year. This year he bred 60, and 30 are as fast, a solid record for a sire of any age. "Right now he's like a real circle man in his mid-60s," Thomas says. Even so, what can possibly justify \$40 million for a horse? The truth is, it's not a bad investment financially. First, there are those oval feet. With breed-mare owners willing to pay a quarter of a million, and with a stallion paying 60 trips a year, it mounts up. And look at the prices at the yearling sales—nearly \$40 million for some Canadian stallions. You can see why someone might ask up to \$6 million, all right. Still, when it's the Dancer, you can see why someone might turn it down.

EAT YOUR HEART
OUT WINDFIELD!



for the purchaser's bloodmare, as well as a share in the profits from his stud duties. In the beginning, one service cost \$10,000 for a live foal. These days it's \$50,000 without guarantee, meaning that if the mare doesn't turn out to be pregnant, better luck next time (bring money). Over the years, as the Dancer's success as a stallion grew and his value increased, the Canadians took the money and ran. The last known sale of a share was for \$450,000.

Meanwhile, while Charles Taylor, heart from the man in France, he had to contact 21 people who Windfields had retained sales shares, who was in Saudi Arabia, who in France and the rest-



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE

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The house lights dimmed, a voice came through the darkness, the spotlight shone and there was **Mimi Hines** glittering in a white dress and floor-length fur coat. Toronto Sun editor **Walter Dendorf** turned his chair for a better look just as the tiny show business veteran flew by on her opening night at the Royal York Hotel's Imperial Room last week. She managed to travel about 20 days before anyone realized that Dendorf had positioned himself atop her long microphone, not three inches emperored as Dendorf stood, fumbled and finally yanked up the chair to set her free. Hines was having her kisser openers, too. For two days she tried unsuccessfully to have a king-sized bed installed prior to the arrival of her friend, **Madame**. "A beautiful, handsome Frenchman" she plans to marry soon. When she was told that the night have-to-change suites, Hines acquiesced. It was better than making Hines sleep in a twin bed.

Thanks to Meggie Lee's meads and the RCMP, **Richard Thomas** has the highest profile in the leadership race for leadership of the Ontario Liberal Party. As wife Ben on TV, who knows good became when he travels it, Thomas has turned his socialist nose and **Papa Hemingway** heard into something of a household fixture. Last year he became a folk hero when the RCMP raided his farm in Kearney, Ont., and charged him with running a wolf. But the charges were dropped when it became clear Thomas was concocting an alibi for his wife as a viable first to power his car. The 49-year-old broadcaster/conservationist, who missed a seat in the last provincial election by just seven votes, admits to having some credibility problems in his latest endeavor. "A lot of people think I'm some wild man from the woods who goes around playing trees and making beetles," he says—perhaps a more interesting insight into that of the man favored to win the leadership, MP **David Peterson**, a London, Ont., businessman and lawyer.

It's not that he needs the money, but the prestige wouldn't hurt. **Harmond For** Betu Kigabo has made his name in the industry to admit he's unemployed. As a result, **Khan**, 48, half-brother of the late boxer **Ali**, has let it be known that he wouldn't mind the job of United Nations secretary-general. With China believing a third term for incumbent **Karl Williams** and the United States favorably open to **Tamara's Salem**, **A. Salem** (whose most noteworthy diplomatic performance was saving a job on



Washed Hines stuck in the spotlight

the General Assembly's floor when Nationalists China was boycotted, Khas is presenting himself as a candidate acceptable to both. To spread the news, he has dispatched a trusted lieutenant to New York to "answer any questions about him," according to a spokesman. An official biography emphasizes his successful 15-year posting as United Nations high commissioner for refugees and boasts that Seddudin is "at home in Karachi, Zambiar and Geneva." If it is a bit skimpy on personal detail, the spokesman explains that with his colorful family background Khas doesn't want anybody to get the notion that he, too, is a playboy.

Independent Toronto Elm-maker Ron Mann, 33, may be the youngest producer/director/writer in the history of Canadian cinema. It is his international sidestep for his first feature-length film, *Forever the Sound*, Normandy for most popular picture at the Festival of Festivals in Toronto last summer, the film won the prestigious Silver Hugo Award for best documentary of the year last week at the Chicago Film Festival. Its subject—the lives of America's often ignored jazz innovators, **Archie Shepp**, **Bill Dixon**, **Paul Oliver** and **Cecil Taylor**—was obviously dear to the heart of the panel in a city long known for its love of the genre. "I think it is ironic that it took a Canadian film to make people realize how important their contribution to American music was and still is," says Mann. People in

Britain will soon be aware of it, too. Mann has just sold the film to British TV but, so far, there have been no takers at home.

Byron Adams, the diminutive and loquacious dynamo from Vancouver, is frank about the way he plays his music. "Technically, I'm a fuck," he says with a ratty laugh. But playing is what is important to the 32-year-old writer who, with partner **Sam Valencia**, has composed 40 songs in the past three years—most of them recorded by the likes of **B.T.O.**, **Patton** and **Leanne**. Tired of the anonymity—"people don't care about writers, all they care about is a hit song"—Adams put a hand together and banded together a couple of songs to promote his latest album, *You Want It—You Got It*. Though his debut in Toronto's showcase club, the El Mocambo, was populated by more record company harem than fans, Adams' album is selling well, and his coxy on-stage enthusiasm is matched by a quick, undisciplined wit. "I'm not the least bit inhibited by anything," he says with a shrug. "I've got good food." Reviewers are calling it talent.

Adams' poetry, dynamo and funk



Updated Tyne: the jeans on a over

Five years of standing by her man as a Tokyo regular on *The Sex* Tyne Show taught **Tyne D'Arcy** a few things about performing for the camera. Now she is putting her skills to sale again on her own half-hour show, *Country as My Soul*—backed up by her ex-husband's old hand, **The Great Specified**. But the down-home in-

age is long gone. Tyne's updated look is low-cut feathers and leathers—and the 41-year-old never looked better. "The era of jeans and work boots is over," Tyne promises. "Gloria adds something to my performance." It also turns heads on the street. The new wardrobe isn't something her producers arranged. It comes straight out of her closet. "The great thing about television," says Tyne, is a new revelation about the electric medium. "In that you can wear clothes that would be raised by the snake in the slots."

Susanne Perry has packed a number of careers into her short life. She has moved from modeling to the high-profile job of press aide to **Steve Trudeau** to a one-year stint as co-anchor/reporter at Global Television's weekend in Toronto. Now the 33-year-old blonde with the Redford past is back in Ottawa with her husband, city anchor **Kevin Matthews**, their four-month-old daughter, **Galina**, and her son, **Matthew**. Being a wife and mother is not a full-time occupation, though. Perry is expanding her skills to include the print medium, contributing fashion and feature articles to the lifestyle section of the Ottawa Citizen. Says section editor **Stella Cameron**: "She is a very funny and talented woman and her wit was never evident on Global. If she writes the way she talks, we will have a wonderful contributor on our back."

Arl Anderson began as **Rickover** in the oldest serving officer in the US force and still one of the most powerful. The mastermind behind the design and construction of America's

nuclear submarines, **Rickover** is generally acknowledged by the Pentagon to know more about fighting a nuclear war than anyone else alive. But last week, Navy Secretary **John P. Lehman**, 43, announced, "we need to put a young man who can be available for the next decade," saying that he intended to replace **Rickover** next January. When the story first leaked, a reporter asked **Frank Reagan** if he agreed. The 70-year-old US president replied with a laugh. "You are asking me? **Chickens** mailed his height in England at 30, as prime minister." White House sources later confirmed that Reagan had ended the four-star admiral's nearly 40-year career but had offered him a civilian post as his advisor on strategic energy.

Gerald Phillips, an embarrased communications professor at Pennsylvania State University, has written the definitive text for the flush-and-blank set, *Help For Shy People*. The tips outlined in his book range from conversation starters. ("The dip is delicious. I wonder what it is made of?") to a group of topics that "work at men's social gatherings" (eg, "What I love most about my home town"). Phillips says the toughest encounters for shyers are the affairs of the big-city variety. In fact, the book has proven to be such a problem, from junior-high dating anxiety to young women who "want to learn ways of not ending up on their backs," that Phillips is publishing a sequel, *Love and Lying*. It is guaranteed to provide the pat lines for getting out of, or into, the most compromising situations.

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS



Nuclear sub 693 Ohio and sailing mastermind Rickover young enough for Reagan

No new shoes, no new ideas

By Roderick McQueen

Here now in the House of Commons, the contrived situation in Ottawa, the world's largest theme park. Allan MacEachern, the bagman from the Age of Aquarius, pointed his spread foot toward the opposition benches. His nose like a ship's prow, he swept his foot back and forth right through the aisles. In fact, he is closer to Lt.-Gen. Fyot Gurkin, whose Soviet submarines just spent 10 days stuck on a reef nine metres from Swedish shores. Like Gurkin, MacEachern can't move the beached dollar without help; he won't say why he has arrived where he has, he can't even explain how he got there. Unlike Gurkin, however, whose throat-cutting postcard showed four for his fate, MacEachern remains oblivious. His only life is his human chemistry.

Consumer confidence and unemployment are at record levels. Consumer confidence is the lowest in 20 years. Interest rates, says West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, are the highest since the time of Christ. The auto industry, which employs one in seven, has seen three downturns. Housing starts and resales, after a wild and wet spring, are skidding. Fishing on both coasts is a disaster, as are small operations in New Brunswick, agriculture in Quebec, forestry in B.C. and agricultural equipment sales everywhere. The prairie grain harvest is the only bright spot as an economy that would be a disaster, as its products will worsen. Through all the fog comes the reassuring blarney of government: call for restraint. Still? SFP MP Bob Rae, that's "The Rotten Stranger" telling you year after year is too tight?

Recession in the US has been confirmed. It has even been given a wondrous new name to modify the recurring growth cycle slowdown. Whatever it's called, it's coming to Canada this winter as surely as the phoney promises of a towering Broadway musical. John Kenneth Galbraith strides the land calling for socialism. Arthur Lauffer who barely reaches Galbraith's shoulder is a man whose (that can't) origin has come and a

gold-busted dollar. In comparison to that sprightly debate, MacEachern's budget speech last week was so boring that, said it been a miracle that the three would have gone out.

And who does MacEachern listen to? No one beyond his Ottawa crones. It turns out, for the duration of this budget was at two months ago at the Kelco Lodge cabinet meeting in Cape Breton. The emphasis, cabinet agreed, would be on the traditional depressed economic areas. The attitude toward manufacturing laissez-faire. Ontario, it concluded, can cope on its own. The country would



continue to rely on resource extraction, the bureaucracy encouraged to bring forward interminable petitions such as the Nuclear Energy Program (NEP) is digested. As a result, although tax loopholes have been plugged, the taxes will continue to savage the have-nots. Lessons will follow us how to be the richest in the lifetime.

On the other hand, what can our budget do? Perhaps we should be as beginning as Woody Allen in *Annie Hall* when he spoke of his analyst of 16 years. "I give him one more year, then I'm going to London." After 27 budgets for their equivalent in 35 years, even the traditional new shoes come worn by finance ministers have been forgotten. The budgets of the 1980s and '80s were balanced, tame affairs. In the '70s, social programs grew, low income earners were protected, fairness sought through taxation. Since the Board of Bizarreness (the government was created in 1976), the federal government has been paying more attention to business, a rightward

swing that occurred far ahead of the growth in US conservatism. Even so, the fight between business and government continues. Business looks upon the Ottawa bureaucracy as just as many levers that get into the mainstream and down the works. Bureaucrats, for their part, listen to business and hear the sound of dinosaurs making. Last year's budget was this and its less surprising coupled with a belated nationalism in the NDP. Now, with the Bank of Canada keeping the growth in the money supply so tight that it runs below targets, comes the logical extension: shift the costs of government. Even with its wedding revenues from off, Ottawa intends to stick the provinces with more bills.

This shift neatly replaces a failed long-term Liberal goal: income redistribution. It also demonstrates the difference among the three parties. The NDP promises to invest in the future, the Conservatives want to lay back the past, the Liberals see themselves as saviors of the present. As MacEachern King says of his marriage Canada in the new play *Keep*: "Without you Liberals it would be a shambles." Lynxability, it seems, is hereditary.

The country is in a shambles today, a shambles that will continue because what this budget confirms is that we are in a time of panic. A time between the ends of high-spending social programs and a more balanced approach to growth. It is a yearly period as Canada rides out low recession sheltered behind still-low energy prices, cushioned by record government loss subject to cutbacks that in the US The country had long awaited an oil price deal and a constitutional accord. They are both, more or less, in place now. Interest rates, once a symptom, are the new disease. While these rates have hobbled in the past two years, the result comes too late to slow off recession. Producers and consumers were ready for a boost that could have softened the hard times. A country banking down for winter has not been cheered because MacEachern has finished there is little to do but wait for business in the US economy. His voice, regrettably, is like when nothing works, do nothing.

Medium versus message

PHOTO IN THE DRIFT

by Rhina Frateroff and Tanya Stenbock
Created by Motest Productions

Vision and daring are rare commodities in contemporary Canadian theatre, playing it safe in the role and thinking big the noteworthy exception. However, dedication, col-

lective effort and artistic ingenuity can surmount the myopia. A case in point is *Photo in the Drift*, a collaboration by Toronto's finest avant-garde artists in theatre, performance art and video. The most exhilarating aspect of this multimedia spectacle is its sheer audacity in exploring and attempting to redefine the experience of theatre.



Woman from Murroville: subnuclear

The script is a fluid mosaic of slides, videotape, dance and texts on poster life, knowledge and innocence, atomic fission and the neo-dimensional military mind. The staging at Harbourfront's Ice House is stupendous. Slide projection screens, 12 metres tall, surround a playing area flanked from glowing plastic milk crates, on which the two Competitors, gasbladders of the Britten, amaze themselves with mock war games. Suspended above the stage and flanked by huge video screens is a platform and a poised woman kneading bread. Above her, in turn, is a catwalk (from a nuclear reactor? a space station?) and a white-suited dancer intent on scribbling radioactive contamination from her body. Downtime on ground level, the Woman from Murroville recites about the halcyon '60s, when a nuclear power station was sent to the river of civilization. Operating her across a grave of standing fates is the Powerchanger, the conductor who cues the performers and orchestrates the show's dancing technology. This complex interplay of scenes and genres in *Photo* creates a unique dramatic rhythm, alternately engaging and distancing the audience.

Originally presented in workshop at last year's Toronto Theatre Festival, *Photo* has still not fully realized the vast potential of its concept. It reveals more of everything: more conviction and rattle-and-bleed, more written text and a more concentrated assault on its audience, which often feels like an intruder upon a private, hermetic dialogue. The playwrights seem afraid that their avuncular messages might be compromised by giving free rein to their esthetic instincts. In the final scene, the inspired idea of having an opera singer deliver an aria from *Madama Butterfly* is immediately negated by a peevish call to arms. Their message is clear, and, as a result, is their innovative medium, sacrificing one to the other only does this exciting experiment a great injustice. —MARK COHEN/KO

A department store practice

Dropping into the Markham Place Sears store in Thornhill, Ont., last month, James Whitley was greeted by a sign announcing the opening of a law office on the second floor. The discovery was "fantastical," says the University of Toronto philosophy professor, who had been concerned about a legal matter for some weeks. After purchasing a jacket, Whitley took the escalator upstairs, passing rose-colored and Pastorepede beds, and entered the office of Sengen and Suter. His "very satisfactory" 30-minute consultation over. Whitley became the first client of the first law firm to be located within a Canadian department store.

Lawyers now join the ranks of other professionals, ranging from travel to insurance agents, taking advantage of department stores' ready-made clientele. And if an imminent Supreme Court decision supports lawyers advertising, department store firms will also be able to exploit the chains' advertising budgets and marketing skills.

Partners John Sengen and Heidi Suter, both in practice for more than four years, approached Sears in the fall of 1980 after assisting a client in setting up a department store travel agency. "I felt law offices in department stores was the logical next step," says Sengen. The partners say they aim to make their services "affordable and accessible." Explains Suter: "We don't feel there should be an aura around the law pro-

fession anymore. A lawyer is just like anyone else providing a service."

The firm will keep the same hours as Sears, including evenings and Saturdays, with extended hours at Christmas. Clients won't find a "lawyer basement," but fees are at the lower end of the scale. A simple will

costs \$50, a marriage contract \$275 and an incorporation \$390. All may be charged on a Sears card after amendments to the Law Society Act are passed by the legislature.

Once the Sears scheme proves successful, consumers are not the only ones who stand to profit. Sengen and Suter have exclusive rights to set up practices within the chain's Toronto-area stores. Although rental payments are the only direct financial benefit to Sears, the chain expects to boost sales on the assumption its legal clients will also end up making a purchase. "The more ser-



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vices we can offer to our customers the better," says Robert Klein, Sears' public affairs vice-president. Although other department stores such as Eaton's, the Bay, Woodco and Towers are intrigued by the concept, they report no immediate plans to install law offices.

As long as lawyers follow the rules of the Law Society of Upper Canada, the department store concept has the group's approval. "If an office is in good taste and doesn't offend, I can't see any reason why it shouldn't operate," says treasurer and spokesman John Bewley. But lawyer Seymour Herman, whose firm is located in self-outfitted offices at Markham Place, fears the Sears and Suter opening not only for the potential effects on his business, but for the profession in general. "If the law is practised in such an unbecoming, ostentatious way it will come to be equated with the selling of diapers and shoes," says Herman. "And no matter what 'good deeds' the partners observe, the firm will always be perceived as the 'Sears law firm'."

Sears and Suter aren't worried. They freely admit that if they could publicize their Sears law business would increase. But only in Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia are lawyers permitted by their governing law societies to advertise. The Supreme Court of Canada declines, however, may soon extend the privilege nationwide. The case involves a North Vancouver lawyer, Donald Jalour, who advertised prices for his legal clinic last year. A B.C. Supreme Court ruling that the law society was wrong to discipline him was overturned in the Appeal Court. Although the B.C. Law Society has some allowed prior advertising, Jalour is pressing on to the Supreme Court "as a matter of principle." He argues that law society power should not supersede that of the federal government, which prohibits restraint of competition under the Competition Investigation Act.

Sears and Suter will not likely incur the wrath of their provincial governing body if they keep a low profile. "We don't want to do anything to upset the law society or Sears," explains Seymour. In fact, the legal hierarchy "may just be turning a blind eye to the whole issue until it's clearer where it's going," says University of Toronto law professor Michael Trebilcock. If department store lawyers start using aggressive marketing techniques, brand names and para-professionals to cut corners on straightforward work, law societies will start to fight back, Trebilcock predicts. That prospect, however, doesn't seem to deter the pair from showing their Future Bays Suter. "I don't see any reason why we couldn't offer gift certificates for legal services, or Christmas specials on wills."

—MARY MACNETT

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Chicken wings fly north

The Buffalo chicken wing has flown into Canada. Since its invention by an inspired Buffalo, N.Y., bartender in the mid-1960s, the "wing" (as it is fondly called) has attained near-cult status in upstate New York, where it is traditionally consumed with hot sauce, celery, blue cheese dip and beer. The annual July Chicken Wing Day in Buffalo is rumored to attract droves of patriotic Canadians—some of whom flocked as well to Tom Pausole's Wing King franchise when it opened in September at Toronto's Cumberland Street. "Two guys from a yacht club came back the next night with 18 friends," he says. "They used to sail down to Tuscarora [N.Y.] together just to get out on wings."

Jim McCloskey, manager of the Jester Arms in Stratford, where late-night business is brisk during the Shakespeare festival, enumerates the virtues of the Buffalo-style wing: "It's cheap [45¢], fun to eat, and different, partly because of the unusual sauce."

Wing madness, meanwhile, is spreading across the land. Teddy's Restaurant in Edmonton proffers hot mustard with its version; Hoho's Roadhouse Restaurant in Barrie imports "terrible" business in wings since opening in August; and in Niagara Falls, tourists and locals are said to have demolished 1,400 kg of wings at a Wing King outlet in July alone. Canadian poultry suppliers should be covering (with wings) all an attractive wholesale price of \$1.80 a kilogram), but many restaurants import U.S. wings, cheaper by about 22 cents a kilogram. The difference, given the average restaurant markup of 200 to 400 per cent, makes wing fans buy a 1.5-kg bucket of wings for \$6, rather than \$9. In the business, it's known as having your wings clipped. —FRANCIS GREY

Passports: a bony convertible with clip



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LABOR

Birth of a parental benefit

By Carol Braman

In the past, pregnancy often cost a woman her job. Although women worked during and after the Second World War, many employers still expected pregnant workers to quit their jobs and stay at home. Not until 1976 did women in all provinces except Prince Edward Island have their positions legally protected—albeit without pay—while they took time off to have



Leader, 'unforgotten disaster'



CUPW striker (left), Wright: 'It makes sense not to receive full pay'

babies. But with the postal workers' recently won benefit—a 27-week maternity leave at 80 per cent of salary—women secured a major gain getting the employer to ease the financial load of parenting. Presumably, the Canadian Union of Postal Workers' (CUPW) contract has touched off a storm at the bargaining table.

While some insist that improved benefits are long overdue, others accuse organized labor of "asking for the moon." Meanwhile, as demands for paid maternity leave spread over the domain of private business, the venture of many companies, hard-pressed by a sluggish economy, say they can ill afford to foot the bill for a potentially expensive employee benefit. "Our members are wan-

dered because there has been a 50-per-cent increase in payroll taxes and premiums in the last 10 years," says Jim Bennett, director of national affairs for the 62,000-member Canadian Federation of Independent Business. "In order to get around another outrageous maternity benefit, some companies in the future might hire men only or women."

Prospective of the potential hardship to businesses, an increasing number of unions, bolstered by the CUPW gains, are pressing for the same benefits and more. Only a week after the better 40-day paid strike ended, Fred Passero, president of the Communications Workers of Canada (CWC) launched his union's demands: 20 weeks' paid maternity leave and five days' paid paternity

leave for 62,000 Bell Canada operators, technicians and technicians. While the CWC and Bell wanted, the leaders of the 220,000-member Canadian Union of Public Employees (CUPE) are putting together a more comprehensive bargaining package for every 1982 contract: six months' fully paid leave for mothers, fathers and adoptive parents. The union also wants employers to provide workers with up to 16 days' paid leave per year to fulfil what it calls "parental obligations"—everything from taking the kids to the doctor to dropping by the local school to meet with teachers.

At present, new provinces allow for up to 16 weeks off without pay for child-bearing. "The legislation is really for job security," says Don Kelso, in charge of the Alberta labor ministry's employment standards education program. Two provinces, however, provide more. Saskatchewan's Labor Standards Act allows six weeks off without pay for adoption and maternity leave, while Quebec permits two days off unpaid, for fathers. Under the federal unemployment insurance program, those on maternity leave in all provinces can collect 58 per cent of their salary for 15 weeks, to a maximum of \$180 a week.

Those who support paid parental leave argue that parents should not be financially penalized for taking time off work to fulfil the social and family responsibilities surrounding childbearing and adoption. In fact, they can claim as early as Pope John Paul II. "The true advancement of women requires that labor should be structured in such a way

that women do not have to pay for their advancement by abandoning what is specific to them at the expense of the family," he writes in last September's *Maclean's* on Murray Wright.

On the opposite side, employers argue that the financial cost of an employer's decision to give birth or to adopt a child—maternity is which only the parents have a say—should not be borne by an outside party, the employer. "If any of our lay help got pregnant and left, it would be a totally unmitigated disaster," says Al Lehrer, vice-president of Roudreux Jean of Montreal, a non-union apartment superstore, from which employs 100 people. "Each person has a responsibility here. We can't afford to pay people when they're not working." Moreover, not all employers are pressing for change. Mary Wright, a 26-year-old financial analyst for the Bank of Nova Scotia, is more than satisfied just to collect unemployment insurance while on an 18-week maternity leave. "Considering that I'm not contributing to the organization, it makes sense not to receive full pay," she says.

To counter the argument that paid maternity leave is a costly extravagance, critics point to government figures that show only 25 per cent of the four million women in Canada's work force go on maternity leave each year. *CNN*, when negotiating with the Treasury Board, calculated that 13 weeks of benefits would cost the post office the equivalent of two cents an hour more for each of its 33,000 members, given the fact that only 230 members took maternity leave last year. The union leaders point out that all the post office pays a roughly 42 per cent, which equals the difference between what a postal worker receives in unemployment insurance benefits and 80 per cent of salary.

Others defend the scheme by citing superior provisions in Europe. Swedish employers pay either parent who decides to take time off 90 per cent of his or her salary for up to nine months, while West German companies pay 100 per cent for 14 weeks. Italian firms pay 80 per cent of salary for 30 weeks. "I don't feel red handed here, but I can't afford paid maternity leave in Canada," says Bill Hewson, a national representative for the CIO. "In Sweden, Germany and Italy you can afford it, why can't we?"

Although most union leaders were striving for improved family-related benefits, the Canadian labour movement is sadly lacking, one labour spokesman takes comfort in the fact that the picture is gradually changing. "Up until the mid-'60s, some working women who became pregnant had to quit their jobs," recalls Jane Hewson, a CIO information officer. "Fortunately, that's no longer so." ☐



A mural from the tomb of Nebamun, threatened by environmental corrosion.

ARCHAEOLOGY

Restoring world treasures

In the sealed tomb of Nebamun in the Valley of the Queens, a complete relief into action every half hour to record temperature and humidity. The tomb of Nebamun is the favorite wife of a high official of the 18th dynasty. What remains are wall murals surrounded in detail and brilliance of color. But these ancient works are in jeopardy. 3,000 years of searing desert sun have degraded the plaster on which the murals are painted, and salt crystals pierce the crumbling plaster from the limestone walls behind.

Next April, when University of Toronto chemist George Burns unlocks the tomb to collect a year's worth of data, the first stage in saving the paintings will have begun. "Until the climatic conditions and the physical and chemical processes of deterioration in the tomb are understood," he says, "it's very dangerous to attempt repair."

With his expertise, Burns is in the vanguard of scientists who are helping countries preserve their monuments from environmental corrosion.

Because millions of years ago Egypt was covered by a shallow sea, salinization is widespread today. The tomb of Nebamun is among many threatened monuments. In 1986, when the Avenue was completed, authorities began the restoration and began the work of the Nubia's ancient gods would at last be safe. But a decade later, agri-

ultural salt deposits began appearing in the foundations of such monuments as the Temple of Karnak, Egypt's largest ancient structure. By plugging environmental data from Luxor's Pharaoh-Egyptian Centre into their computers, Burns and graduate student Tom Tafazzol found the culprit: irrigation water from nearby fields. They calculated that 50 per cent of the runoff in the Karnak area never reached its destination, the Nile, but percolated up through the soil and the temple, leaving salt behind. When the land is wet and the temperature fluctuates, the salt comes up steam by crystallizing, dissolving and recrystallizing inside. Thus, what appears to be sudden damage (for instance, the large chink of stone that fell off the Sphinx last month) is merely the culmination of a centuries-long corrosive process.

While no one would suggest decreasing agricultural production to save the past, irrigation methods can be improved. To protect the Temple of Karnak, Burns recommended irrigating with pure, mineral water as could be readily absorbed by plants, or draining excess water directly into the river through pipes that bypass the temple.

"Western technology can offer necessary information in the early stages," says Burns. "But Egyptians will make the decision and do the eventual restoration." —PATRICIA DODGE

Before the Bath

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MEDICINE

Pot goes pharmaceutical

To cancer patients undergoing rigorous chemotherapy, the remedy often seems worse than the disease. Since debilitating cramps and vomiting are often the price of treatment, some patients have abandoned treatment altogether; others have resorted to conventional anti-nausea drugs such as Gravol (an anticholinergic) or major tranquilizers that may prove effective only 15 to 20 per cent of the time. But as word of marijuana's nausea-calming effects rose from the smoke of the counterculture, many otherwise law-abiding patients started buying relief not in prescription, but by the gram—in bags of grass. Now a long-awaited synthetic version of marijuana, nabiximol, has been released, and Canada has been first off the mark to sanction its debut. The full, nabiximol received the marketing go-ahead from the Health Protection Branch in Ottawa. Classified as a narcotic, it will be available only to cancer chemotherapy patients.

Canada's attributes have long been known—in 1977 to a Chinese emperor recommended it for migraines and asthma. But only in the past 15 years has formal scientific research evolved. Scientists found that THC (tetrahydrocannabinol), the plant's most active ingredient, demonstrated significant nausea-relieving properties, but absorption was difficult to control, as was the attendant euphoria and risk of low blood pressure.

In the laboratories of Eli Lilly and Company in Indianapolis, Dr. Paul Stark began tackling THC about 18 years ago, seeking a way to maintain its effectiveness against nausea while reducing unwanted side effects. With a research team, he synthesized nabiximol, a powder molecularly similar to THC, to be swallowed in capsule form before chemotherapy. The new drug became available on an emergency basis in 1990 and can be requested when conventional drugs fail. After favorable clinical trials in the U.S. and Europe showed nabiximol could reduce nausea by 80 per cent, Canada swiftly accepted the drug. The expected side effects and high of a synthetic cannabinoid still occurred, but to a considerably milder degree.



Maximized with capsule of nabiximol

Children undergoing cancer chemotherapy may eventually have access to the drug. Dr. Stuart Maxwell, head of clinical pharmacology at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, believes formal trials starting in November at the hospital will confirm the drug's value to younger cancer patients. Of 14 on nabiximol since last February, all but two experienced relief from nausea.

"We don't know exactly how nabiximol works," says Maxwell. "But it appears to have a completely different action than previously relied-on drugs." And while not a panacea, nabiximol is already lifting the spirits of chemotherapy patients. —JENNIFER PESTLER



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Migraine comes out of the closet

By Sherna McKay

I can strike like Kennedy in the middle of a rainy morning as her three young sons clamor for attention at the end of an evening when the last chore is done. Without warning, the terrible throbbing fills one side of her head. A shard of light or the sound of a child's breathing becomes intolerable. It happens so often. After days spent in a darkened room, she finds herself in a hospital emergency room, hoping that a shot of morphine will relieve her from a cocoon of misery. Kennedy, a 36-year-old Agincourt, B.C. housewife, is a victim of migraine—a disease that plagues an estimated three million Canadians.

Migraine has long baffled sufferers and doctors alike. While it was recognized more than a century ago that migraine pain was associated with the dilation of blood vessels, and research during the past 30 years revealed that the disorder was often hereditary, physicians knew little about the syndrome's causes, and even less about treatment. Lacking information, they wrote migraine off as psychosomatic. "I don't know how many times I was handed a bottle of valium and told, 'There, there, dear, go home,'" recalls Kennedy. But times are changing. Migraine now figures in the curriculum of almost every Canadian medical school. In addition, a dramatic rise in neurological research has created a sharper picture of the condition's physiological causes. Resulting in a more supportive medical climate, migraine sufferers from Vancouver to Black Beach Harbour, Nfld., are receiving dark rooms in favor of the workshops, clinics and symposiums on migraine that are springing up across the country. As Dr. John Edwards of Toronto, a leader in migraine research, notes, "Migraine is finally coming out of the closet." And according to Edwards, among other physicians, a seven-year-old organization called the Migraine Foundation has been "the biggest single factor in spreading the news to people across the country." This month marks the culmination of the foundation's efforts: *How to Find Relief From Migraine*, a just-published book by foundation president and migraine evangelist, Rosemary Dudley, aims to further dispel what its author calls

"the myth, mystery and misery of migraine."

Once considered the preserve of neurotic women, migraine has since been proven a more democratic disease that affects both men and women, children and the elderly. Chemical imbalances bring it on (sufferers have unusually high levels of serotonin, a substance that causes blood vessels to constrict). Although the actual biochemical

mechanisms involved in an attack are still not completely understood, and no single cure has yet been found, research has pinpointed various precipitators of the pain—among them dietary agents (for instance, cheese, and wine and nuts), stress or its removal, and even falling barometric pressure. Avoiding those triggers can often drastically reduce the incidence of illness. Knowing that certain chemicals in the blood have

been shown during migraine attacks, researchers have come up with at least four preventive drugs in the past 10 years, and clinical trials are under way on six more. Other studies are exploring biofeedback, hypnotherapy, relaxation techniques and acupuncture. While questions persist, optimism runs high in some branches of the medical profession. Convinced Dr. Henry Dandy, head of the department of neurology at Queen's University. "There is a lot of work being done in the neurosciences in Canada, and some of this will inevitably shed more light on the condition."

Yet despite the accumulating medical evidence, misconceptions still linger. Says Dudley: "I am still getting calls from people whose doctors tell them there is no such thing as migraine." And as the crusade continues from her dimly lit house on a quiet tree-lined street in Toronto, Dudley's own quarters are relegated to one room on the second floor. The rest of the building is overleant in a sea of paper—letters coming in and information packages going out. Since opening, the foundation has responded to 380,000 Canadians—it advises an additional 1,500 each month.

One goal links all of the nonsteroidal efforts that focus on migraine: to place the prevention and control of the syndrome in the patient's own hands. Control, in fact, is just what many Canadian migraine sufferers in Canada are taking. Mrs. Kennedy, through self-education and the help of a doctor who "finally understood," has lost the number of her attacks down from almost daily to once or twice monthly. Hoping to organize a self-help group for other migraineurs people in her community, Kennedy asserts: "This disease has had enough of being out of the closet. If I am going to have it, I am going to learn from it and move on to help others." ☐



Kennedy (top) Dudley challenges dispelling the old-time myths.



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Of arms and the ban I sing

By Barbara Aniel

In recent months U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig has made the reasonable statement that the defence of Europe could best be achieved by the deployment of a new generation of nuclear weapons. This seemed reasonable to everyone but the people who would be most helped—the Europeans—on whose terror-free the weapons would have to be placed. In London, 180,000 marchers demonstrated last October in the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament signs and took to the streets with hand-

would prefer not to cover the Earth in thermonuclear ashes if it could achieve its purposes some other way—and the same goes for the West. The question is, what are the purposes of the Soviet Union as opposed to those of the Western alliance? By now, it is clear that the West merely wishes to retain its independence, institutions and as much of its prosperity as it can. The Soviet Union—to use the most charitable word—has a more dynamic purpose. It wishes to spread its values, institutions and influence and acquire the prosperity it cannot produce by its own

These forms of death, of course, have been the consequence for literally millions in every country that has come under communist influence. Nor are the sufferings caused by conventional warfare, as in Vietnam, less horrible to their victims than atomic holocausts. Nuclear holocausts are no more of a picnic than radiation sickness. As to the scale of destruction—the total number of victims—there is every reason to believe that in an all-out Third World War of a nuclear kind, the havoc would surely be spread over a longer period of time. Nuclear war, also, would claim the same number of victims—although in a shorter period of time.

Noting the length, of course, is strictly a Western affair. The Soviet Union supports it only in Stockholm, Amsterdam and Tientsin—not Moscow. For Europe, where conventional forces are so much for Soviet might, rejection of the latest nuclear device leaves it with few alternatives. The most obvious would be unconditional surrender. Such a surrender could range from the actual conquests of Soviet military presence on Western soil to, at best, an undertaking to alter its national policy, institutions and ideas to models acceptable to the Kremlin. This may be the wisest choice under such circumstances. The alternative of resisting with conventional forces a nuclear Soviet Union would simply be to invite all the horrors of the bomb without even the most feeble hopes of successful resistance. A third option is to pin one's hopes on Brezhnev's assurances that he will not go to war against noncommunist countries, and assume that this would simply be to invite all the horrors of the bomb without even the most feeble hopes of successful resistance.

The real alternative, of course, is to accept the trauma we started with, namely that nobody wants nuclear war, including the Soviet Union. Since nuclear war, as opposed to one-sided nuclear slaughter, could come about only if the West continues to maintain and update its own nuclear defenses, the only way to avoid nuclear war is by doing precisely that.

efforts through political, economic and, if need be, military conquest.

Currently enough, this has not been done even by those who advocate unilateral disarmament in the West. The old slogan "Better Dead Than Red" was an intriguing subconscious acknowledgment of the fact that if the balance of power tilted significantly in favor of the Soviet Union, it would be followed—even in the view of Bertrand Russell's Committee of 100—by the spread of communism. Otherwise their slogan would have been "Why Blow Up the World for Nothing?" or maybe, "Why Go Up in Smoke for a Joker?" But, with a few fringe exceptions, even devoted anti-bombers recognize that Soviet imperialism is the jolking scariest. They merely prefer to murder death.

In pushing to national thought, why other forms of death—a hail of bullets, slow starvation in a labor camp or being gassed with both arms fractured—would be preferred to as many to the swift obliteration of a nuclear explosion.



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FILMS

Strains from the past

RAGTIME

Directed by Miles Forman

Ragtime is an extremely ambitious adaptation of the E.L. Doctorow novel, which itself was an imaginative pastiche of turn-of-the-century America. The book took archetypal fictional characters—Mather, Father, Younger Brother—and re-created their lives with those of the famous, such as society celebrity Evelyn Nesbit, Harry Houdini, Ernest Goldman and a host of others. The separate stories slowly entwined until, at the end, a portrait emerged of an audacious, changing age. With its swarming period re-creation and Randy Newman's ironic, nostalgic score, the film captures a rich world of straw boaters and sapper-baiting, parades and fireworks, where hardships and hopes were swept up high. Beautifully interwoven, *Ragtime* has the language and unexpected filigees of energy found in silent films.

Director Miles Forman and screenwriter Michael Weller have, somewhat

audaciously, concentrated upon a black man, Coalhouse Walker Jr., whose progress from piano player to terrorist becomes the focus. Coalhouse, played with majesty by Howard E. Rollins, seems to hold all the pride, fear, anger and desperation of an entire race in his open, handsome face. When he addresses at the piano in a swank Harlem club and the owner asks him what kind of stuff he plays, his reply is terse: "Anything they ask for... and then I play ragtime." It's here a black man in America in 1906 might easily have exploded: survival in a white man's world. But Coalhouse is a black man who is re-evaluating his position in life, and when his intended wife, Sarah (Dibbie Allen), is killed trying to redress the humiliation he has suffered from rebuffs, his consciousness turns to anarchy.

In *Ragtime* both the settings and the actors suggest the genius of major tensions in American life. The land, once so expansive, became crowded, and the dwindling of space was epitomized by New York city, the film's main setting



Rollins holds all the pride, fear, anger and desperation of an entire race

With the great wave of immigrants, cultures clashed, the melting pot boiled. It was a time of great wealth and physical poverty (the movie doesn't address itself fully to the latter), for each one who moved up the ladder to success another dropped as far down.

Those in the middle, the class consti-

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What is Foster Parents Plan? PLAN is a non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political social service agency. Our goal is to help children, their families and communities overseas to help themselves. Through social welfare, health, education and community development programs, PLAN avoids long-term dependency—and hopes, in time, to enable the society to assume a greater responsibility for its own people.

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How does Foster Parents Plan help the community? We endeavor to get community leaders to determine what their needs are before we establish a plan of action with them. The community must participate in this plan, and provide the labour while PLAN supplies the materials to meet their goals. Community cooperative shops are set up, youth and study centres established, dams, wells and latrines are built, poultry and pig-raising projects are begun—and these are but a few examples

ing of Father (James Olson) and Mother (Mary Steenburgen), were pulled into the turbulence by forces of chance. Being decent and by taking in Sarah, they got involved with Coalhouse. Younger Brother, an example of the upwardly mobile American, falls in love above his station with Evelyn Nesbit, whom he discovers through the streets. Nesbit, who has earned a scandal by leaving her spoiled playboy husband, Harry K. Thaw, is about her former lover, in her self as a turning point. Tatch, the immigrant who meets one day on the tawny Lower East Side, will eventually discover her in the new-fangled "moving pictures".

As entangled as the narrative of *Flashdance*, everything pops off when Coalhouse holds up inside J.P. Morgan's library of precious treasures, holding it hostage with Younger Brother at his side. As he demands satisfaction from the wily police commissioner, the sur-



McCormack (above) captures a time when hopes were swept as high as hubris.



native strands converge and the movie begins to fade.

Anytime has been cast and acted superbly. James Cagney, as the surly entrepreneur, can raise eyebrows with an eyebrow, regressed from glances through Brad Pitt's gleaming eyes as Younger Brother, and so on. Thaw, Robert Joy has the right serious, high-pitched style. With her spiky upper lip and rosy cheeks, Kimbela McQueen shows, bravely, how the alternately naive and cunning Nesbit could inspire infatuation.

Forman has directed unobtrusively,

rhythmically, the movie itself plays regatta—music in which the faster rhythms overtake the slower ones. The movie probably won't please all the devotees of the novel, given the excisions. And it is true the pure facts notwithstanding and that the story of the poor immigrant Tatch and his little daughter doesn't work at all. Still, the actors speak memorably, the way they might actually have spoken way back then. The music they and the movie make can be heard drifting up through the decades.

—LAWRENCE U'TOOLE

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It's all in the way he looks

In the case of Robert Joy, the eyes have it. Large, slate-blue and transfixing, they were responsible for getting him the plum part of Harry K. Thaw, Evelyn Nesbit's bathed-in-playboy husband in *Requiem*, a remarkable performance following on the heels of another earlier this year, as Dave the dope pusher in Louis Malle's *Atlantic City*. The eyes caught the attention of



Joy: Hollywood, via Newfoundland

Requiem's director, Miles Forman, who, on the basis of an outdated publicity photo ("I looked like a member of New York's"), invited him to audition. "People say I have insane eyes, that they have a menacing quality," says the 30-year-old Newfoundland actor. "Or else they can make me appear totally innocent. I guess as an actor I'm lucky that way."

Joy's success is more than a matter of look. Says John Gaare, who wrote *Atlantic City* and in whose off-Broadway play, *Ladies River*, Joy will take a principal role in the new year, "Robert is a wonderful actor. He has this coherence and volatility that's very exciting to watch. You can't help but be transfixed by him." In the new Gaare play, Joy will play a teenager from a Christian Science family, and it was as another teenager, Peter Van Dusen in *The Diary of Anne Frank*, that he first came into prominence. The 1978 Young People's Theatre production with Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson moved to New York where *The New York Times* lauded his performance. Prior to that, Robert Joy was better known as a member of *Codco*, the wings, satirical troupe of Newfies.

Codco burst onto the Canadian theatre scene like a cyclonic wind, but after six shows in three years it disbanded. "Everybody was a little tired and wanted to go each his own way," says the Rhinoceros Scholar. "We were running out of ideas. We would have become like Jay Smallwood, running for re-election over and over."

Still, it's an experience that has left a lasting mark on him, as has Newfoundland, where he has just bought a house as a retreat from New York. "I don't see setting as the be-all and end-all for me," he says, a trace of the island accent still in his voice. "I want to do something, not just be done to, which happens if you're just an actor. I would like to have a little more input, and I suppose that comes from the collaborative nature of *Codco*." In the long run he sees himself as an actor-producer, "less passive and more anarchic." Like the eyes. —L.O.T.

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Martha Johnson with Muffins Mark Gane, Jocelyne Lacelle, Andy Hase and Mick Kent: refusing to be packaged and promoted

MUSIC

Ingredients for fast-rising Muffins

When the concrete cityscapes of Carleton University, the crowd that has turned out for Martha and the Muffins' evening concert at first seems as colorless and drab as the bleak October sky hanging over Ottawa, it serves its greatest satisfaction for looking out the window at the season's first snowfall and generally responds to the music with cordial Canadian neutrality. Not that people don't take to the dance floor as soon as they hear the first piping notes of *Bobo Beach*, the band's best-known song to date, stay there until the show is over and applaud for more. Still, as if their expectations were based on only that catchy hit, they seem unsure of what to do of a program that also includes such numbers hailed as *Boy Without Filters*, where Mark Gane sings quizzically of "silence and distortion" and Andy Hase unleashes ponderments on a free-ranging love-lole.

With a new single, *Women Around the World* of *Work*, already hoisted for the Top 10 in Canada, and a new album, *This is the Age*, also climbing up the charts (22,000 were shipped in two weeks after its release in October), Martha and the Muffins are reaffirming their leadership as the country's most successful new voice band (apart from Rough Trade, who were around long before the category was invented) and one of the very few to survive it all. Currently in the middle of a wedding tour, they now face the challenge of proving that their prominence, which came suddenly with the popularity of *Bobo*

Beach, is not a mistake.

Routed to the Ontario College of Art and the suburban culture of Thornhill, Martha and the Muffins were formed in the late '70s and became the envy of other Toronto bands when, in 1979, they were signed to Thriller, a subsidiary of England's Virgin Records. Almost overnight, *Bobo Beach* made them stars. It was in the British Top 10 even before it was released in Canada, where it eventually won a Juno as the single of the year for 1980. Nevertheless, despite their lucky and fast start, the subsequent history of Martha and the Muffins has been far more traumatic than their whirlwind ascent suggests.

The setbacks began in the summer of 1980. The follow-up hit that would have demonstrated that they were not a one-day wonder did not materialize from their second album, *Trance and Desire*. Their first album failed in the United States and, beginning with the departure of Martha Lady to pursue a solo career in England, there was a series of personnel changes.

During the past 12 months, which lead guitarist and bassist/guitarist Mark Gane describes as a period of "anger and strain," the band's lineup has changed three times. Not only did their audiences have to adjust to the band's newer, more eclectic sounds, they also had to get used to new faces: Jocelyne Lacelle on bass and Nick Kent on drums. Moreover, all the three founding original members, Mark Gane, Andy Hase and vocalist Martha Johnson, each personality has become more dramatic and

pronounced. Gane does more vocal work and reveals himself to be snarled as well as lyrical. The shrewder, more glamorous Johnson sings with new courage, combining a strong mind with vulnerable emotion.

For now, there is no question that Martha and the Muffins have established a distinctive identity. Much of this is attributable to their refusal to package, market or promote conventional rock star images. "The emphasis is on the music," says Gane, whose compositions have grown steadily more sophisticated and idiosyncratic. As for publicity, Gane says, "I think nothing is more boring than seeing somebody's face on a record cover." Instead of the band's faces, two of their album jackets bore photos of Toronto. Because of such graphics and recurrent urban motifs in their lyrics, Martha and the Muffins have sometimes been construed as a lightweight band with a fixation on the suburban experience. But while the band members may be true to their middle-class upbringing, they refuse to be defined by them. Says Gane: "We're just writing about the environment in which we grew up. Unlike a lot of early Canadian rock bands, we're not posturing as American or British."

In so doing, Martha and the Muffins set only a stage to make serious pop music that stimulates the mind and makes you want to dance, they are also teaching the new generation that Canadian mythology can be the stuff from which innovative rock and roll is made.

—DAVID LIVINGSTONE

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BOOKS

A treasure trove of music



Kallman, Winans and Potvin (above, left to right); Albrit: a massive testimony

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSIC IN CANADA edited by Helmut Kallman, Gilvin Potvin and Kenneth Winans (University of Toronto Press, \$65.00)

Even Albrit (aka Marie Louise Gile Lajoussie) in hardly a household word, but this Montreal-born soprano was Canada's first star of exportable international calibre. The dividing operatic career she forged for herself in Europe and the United States during the latter half of the 19th century made her the first in a line of national talent that was to include Edward Johnson, Lois Marshall, Maureen Forrester, Jon Vickers and Verena Stratus. For years Albrit's achievement has been forgotten, but the more than two-page entry accorded her in the new *Encyclopedia of Music in Canada* should help to restore national pride in a legendary singer.

Besides, the encyclopedia is a massive testimony to a Canadian musical heritage which all too often has been dismissed as a sort of appendix to the music of the U.S. The sheer bigness of the volume (1,176 pages with the dimensions of *Life* magazine) and equally the weight of a loving hand dispels any notion that Canada's music is little more than Cape Breton fiddlers, Quebec fiddlers and shamans, Anna Murray and Gordon Lightfoot. The subject range is broad,

encompassing performers and composers, music halls, record companies, folk traditions, music ensembles and the contributions of various ethnic groups.

Officially begun in 1972, the initial project was to be modest, but it quickly snowballed. Subsidized by various federal, provincial, civic and private organizations, the rambling book (in English, with a French translation under way) reached a preliminary goal of close to two million words at a cost of \$1.5

million. It is probably the most expensive single-volume project in Canadian publishing history, nonetheless, the shelf price of \$65, according to University of Toronto Press General Editor Ian Macgregor, has been kept "artificially low" in the hopes that private buyers will find it a plausible addition to their libraries. Macgregor never hoped to recoup publishing expenses through sales; royalties will be put toward an updated second edition in the future.

The gargantuan task of compilation fell into the hands of three editors, Helmut Kallman, Gilvin Potvin and Kenneth Winans, assisted by a host of contributors. Two of the most useful tools the work provides are extensive bibliographies and discographies. The latter, however, stop short of publication date by as much as two years and too often are less than inclusive. See Vickers' dis-



Albrit: a massive testimony



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topography, for instance, is a commercial rendering of Italian opera arias. Pop music coverage is woefully retrograde. It is understandable that there would be confusion as to whether currently popular groups are mere flashers in the jazz or popular musical phenomenon, but it is unfortunate that there is copy on Humphrey and the Drumpacks while Marika and the Muffins are left in the deep freeze. The new wave movement gets occasional short shrift, while folk music (Hartshorn, Wade Blankworth) is accorded column after column.

Recently, despite the nine years of its gestation, a work of such scope is bound to have some aberrations (one aside transports Gilda from Verdi's *Spangled in the Sun* to *Le Traviata*, a neat trick). While selections were made on the basis of a substantial contribution to the nation's culture rather than Canadian birth, it seems odd that Danish tenor Aksel Schiitz is given a separate listing while Toronto Symphony conductor Andrew Davis, his predecessor, Rugg Olausen, and Canadian Opera Company General Director Lotfi Mansouri are mentioned only in relation to their organizations. Still, such oversights are but minor flaws in what will remain for years an indispensable reference work, a treasure trove for browsers of musical bent and a celebration of a prodigious musical talent in which the country can take pride. Both in its prepositional bulk and in its meticulous codification, the *Encyclopedia of Music in Canada* is a monument. BILL MACFARLAN

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

1. Noble House, Clifford (1)
2. Bodily Harm, Atwood (1)
3. Cops, King (2)
4. The Road New Hampshire, Irving (2)
5. An Incident Observed, McCullough (2)
6. The Third Deadly Sin, Denison (1)
7. Bread From the Manger, Shaw (2)
8. Rebel Angels, Davies
9. How I Spent My Summer Holidays, Marshall (2)
10. God Emperor of Dune, Herbert (2)

Nonfiction

1. Pictures Across the Border, Zerkow (1)
2. The Angelmakers, Newman
3. The Art of Robert Rauschenberg, Derry (1)
4. The Lord God Made Them All, Derry (2)
5. Invitation to a Rural Wedding, Spink (1)
6. The Beverly Hills Diet, Meier (2)
7. The Eagle's Gift, Casanovi (2)
8. Cosmos, Sagan (2)
9. Nine of Prosperity, Goldberger (2)
10. The Secret Life of the Unicorn Child, Verney (2)

(1) Positions last week

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DANCE

Waiting for the parade

The National Ballet's 'Napoli' saves its best until last



Schaufus, Kist: The sheer expertise of the dancers comes to the ballet's rescue

By John Ayre

Not since Nureyev's expensive version of *The Sleeping Beauty* in 1972 has a new ballet in Canada generated so much controversy as the *National Ballet's Napoli*, which premiered last week in Toronto. With rehearsal problems forcing a nine-month delay and rumors of cost overruns, these seemed as almost morbid certainty that the *National Ballet* was about to celebrate its 30th anniversary by launching a very costly and utterly futile invasion on the stage of O'Keefe Centre. While the sheer virtuosity of the *National's* major stars prevented the expected debacle, the production was unable to transcend its engraved material.

By any standard, the *National's* decision to mount a new *Napoli* was costly. The trademark of the Royal Danish Ballet since 1880, the ballet is a vehicle for the idiosyncratic Bournonville technique with its lightning footwork, bounding vertical leaps and the notorious flexion of lightness and quaver. Never successfully staged outside Denmark before, it has presented major problems even in Copenhagen, a monumentally boring second act quite regularly empties the theatre of patrons in search of

beer and snacks to tide them over until the spectacular third act. Although the *National* rededicated *Napoli's* vastness to middle stretch, the work remains as a single brilliant act padded out to an evening's entertainment.

The *National Ballet's* artistic director, Alexander Grant, tentatively addressed the idea of staging it as a means of lifting two limbs with one stone: he could showcase his brilliant young male soloists, trained in Bournonville repertoire by Erik Bruhn at the *National Ballet School*, and at the same time make good use of his Danish wife and choreographer, Peter Schaufus.

First conceived as a relatively simple, low-budget production, it evolved, thanks to the *National's* reluctance to think small, into a full-blown costume drama, with 280 costumes designed by Brita David Walker, on-bureau scenery and an officially acknowledged \$475,000 budget. These greenhouse dimensions, however, have been self-defeating to the company's touring plans. According to Grant, the ballet is now so huge that it can be performed only on the large stages of Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal.

Ironically, it wasn't the costumes or scenery that came to the ballet's rescue on opening night. The first act's cos-

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times and sex, for example, were a bit fuzzy, as if hauled out of back-list storage. The towering blue gruff of the second act had a disturbing similarity to a medical photo of the inside of an intestine. The third act's sun-bright lighting and brickwork bridge supporting a radiant swirl of children and ballerinas in peach-colored corsettes and flower-bedecked skirts was far more pleasing to the eye. But even here, what worked as an effectively against the merits of the second romantic score and the often credited plot of frustrated love between Sukerman Gersheva and his girlfriend, Tereza, was the sheer expertise of the dancers, most notably Schaefer in the lead role and Karen Kain as his lover. Still, the ballet didn't really spring to life until Karin Pugh's fiery solo sparked the entire company into an explosion of dancing that featured five of its top ballerinas onstage together. The dancing was roused to Postmodern fury by its exuberant backing extras lining the back and sides of the stage, and the audience responded with a full standing ovation of nearly 30 minutes.

The opening night enjoyed both the best talent and a packed audience of company loyalists. With a change of cast, the following night's production was less. While technically explosive, Raymond Smith as Gersheva did not have the dramatic substance of Schaefer.



The Schaefer raising the Postmodern fury

His singularity over the feared deity of Tereza was more muted than convincingly acted. The guest star, the usually brilliant Elizabeth Tebbel, worked to ruin—as Kain had the night before—to force life into the unforgotten and neglected Tereza role. Worse, the third act failed to catch fire as it had the first

night. A poorly rehearsed group of soloists replaced the ballerina ensemble, and even the tambourines sounded less energetic. There was no standing ovation, and some bored patrons headed out the doors before the applause ended. The implication is rather disturbing: Napoli seems to be at least a tricky production of which every performance needs to be dragged kicking and screaming out of its essential mediocrity by the efforts of eager stars.

It is unfortunate that the results of Napoli are so inconclusive. After suffering a serious slump over the past few years, the National has been making a noticeable comeback. In May, the company made a triumphant tour of Germany, in Stuttgart, home of a celebrated ballet company, the dancers received 25 curtain calls after one performance. One month later, two of its dancers, Pugh and Kimberly Glass, won silver medals at the Moscow International Ballet Competition. Obviously, an unexpected success with Napoli would have provided the kind of well-fitted question mark that the Royal Winnipeg Ballet recently experienced with its new *Amore e Morte*. But so far, Napoli hasn't shown the resilience of a major work. Instead of enhancing the company's pure and direct dancing style, it weighs it down with extravagant and irrelevant stagecraft. ♦

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Love letters, advice for Dr. Foth



By Allan Fotheringham

What is most heartening, most touching in this job is the warm relationship with my readers, the many fan letters we enjoy. Their affection and love is often expressed to me and to this magazine, and I think it would be selfish if I did not share some of it with you.

Claire Stanley & Higgs of Vancouver writes: "It's too bad about Allan Fotheringham. I could be sorry for him, but I think that he says a word could make legitimate claim for such concern."

On the other hand I am really sorry for the many people he insults and maligns. Fotheringham is a mathematician and an idiot, but it would seem that he doesn't know it. My profession and the conviction that goes with it prevent me from hating any person, but do not prevent me from hating treason and treachery, which things I hate with a passion. I am, however, permitted to hold certain people and their deviant causes in contempt. . . .

Dorcas L. Davis of Inverness, Cape Breton Island, writes: "What? Yet another article in the Liberal leadership? Cannot be transformed, Fotheringham certainly has a limited literary repertoire, and his tedious column is beginning to discredit your excellent magazine. It is time for this scurrilous scribbler to shape up and get up!"

R. Kennedy of Toronto writes: "Allan Fotheringham is the most condescending argument for enthusiasm that I have ever come across."

Jeff MacLeod of Ottawa writes: "Allen Fotheringham has once again revealed his true colors. What his articles masquerade behind the pretence of political know-how and humor, they stem from the cynicism of a man who would debate an entire city based on his myopic view of said location from the local press' desk last year. You, Mr. Fotheringham, have only slept in one bed. Come back and sleep around a bit. Then, maybe you could base your columns on the whole truth."

Nancy Henningway of Sudb. Ste. Allen Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

Marie writes: "I enjoyed your Aug. 16 issue, except for Fotheringham's drizzle. I can never read his column again, in the interests of my blood pressure. Reduced to the result of one method of relieving the stress."

I have a few words to say.

Fotheringham:

Who says that free Britain are

bottoming out?

It is constantly told

To be sorry to know

That I usually feel like

bottoming out?

I despise all things English.



Allen Fotheringham

For a horrible thought may be

Fotheringham.

He must have to admit

That a magazine is first

For the quality of Canadian

Fotheringham!

Donald R. Cunningham of Montreal

writes: "Why is Fotheringham

constantly allowed these full pages in Mac-

leod's to vent his hatred of all things

British? Less fortunate Canadians

would have to pay expensive psychiatric

fees for this kind of therapy."

Laura E. Lindsay of Montreal writes:

"The 'housewife of the royal wedding' and

the cause for 'shovel-dropping' work

Fotheringham as perhaps a less

'viral' person among the thousands

along the procession route of the wed-

ding of the year. Finally, Fother-

ingham, after referring to certain wedding

guests as men without shoes, look at

[your] fat face . . . and notice that it

might be compared with one this late."

James C. Sorell of Petrolia, Ont.,

writes: "Be Fotheringham's column titled *Goddess of the CPE*. I wish to protest the use of profanity. Mr. Fotheringham to my mind is the writer of political and social columnist than country has produced in 50 years. Unfortunately, other less skillful writers will decide to copy his style and his acceptable—for him—excesses. Surely Mr. Fotheringham or his editor can find alternate ways to create interest without taking in such the name of the Creator."

Malcolm Lewis of Niagara Falls writes: "My enjoyment of the Aug. 10 issue was tempered when I read Fotheringham's column. Surely a columnist can create more than the one-sided drizzle that makes the last page" [One might suggest it should have been relegated to a location outside the cover where it might have been at least partially hidden by the postal service!]

D. Robert MacKay of Ottawa writes: "I find far more I agree with Fotheringham. The government made a serious error in sending him that questionnaire because he is anything but Highly Qualified. Jokes about 'what my son was, not how it was' got boring after publishing several. I suggest that the Macleod's readership would benefit from columns that actually are Highly Qualified."

Hugh Campbell of Edmonton writes: "It is pleasing to know Fotheringham's column on the last page of your magazine. After 50 pages or so of writing, there is little left to say, and Allan is most successful on that line. My question: would it be possible to move his column further to the back?"

Andrew D. Irvine of London, Ont., writes: "How pleasant these last few weeks have been. Spring was in the air, and with it the chance for new beginnings. But no, it wouldn't last. Fotheringham has returned. Cynicism is once more the norm."

Bob Mitchell of Calgary writes: "I have read Fotheringham's column about being *Adapt With A2, B3 and F100*, and I notice you forget to put in that disclaimer we've become used to at the bottom of his page. You know, the one that says, 'Allen Fotheringham is ill'."





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